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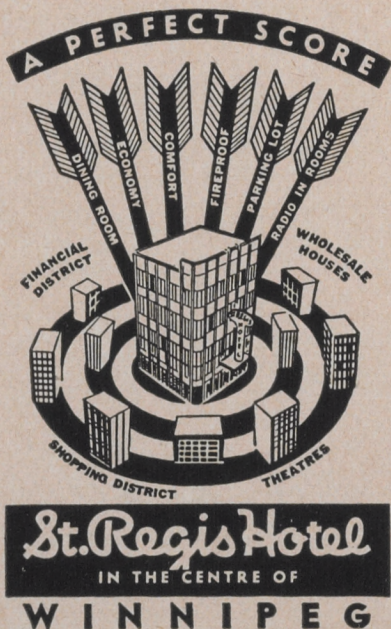
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VOX

Published by the United College Student Association

VOLUME TWENTY-SIX, 1952-1953

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*Doubtfully so classified.

Editorial

ONE or two references to VOX have been made in the past few months. (The phrase "Have you contributed to VOX?" may perhaps be distantly familiar.) The reason for these little allusions was that we wished to make United VOX-conscious; and the student reaction has been favorable, as advance sales have indicated. We only hope that this year's edition does not fall short of the expectations that may have been engendered by the extensive publicity.

Although the response was slightly less encouraging with regard to literary contributions, we offer our sincere thanks to all those who did take the time to write. Particular congratulations go to David Blostein for his prize-winning story.

Thanks are also extended to our committee, to Dr. MacLure, to the Wallingford Press, and to the advertisers.

It is a pleasure to have worked on VOX. But, to be perfectly honest, we the editors must confess that it is still *indistinct through the gloom* whether VOX is a literary magazine or a year book.

RAY TULLOCH and GLEN MacKENZIE

Co-editors.

A Message From The Honorary Editor

THE editors of *Vox* have graciously permitted me this space to discuss some of the problems of their publication. (It is *theirs*; no one else has helped much.) They have been confronted by two obstacles.

First. In spite of their efforts, the student government body, backed presumably by a powerful sentiment among the graduands, has refused to relinquish the "year-book" part of this publication, or to authorize the separate publication of "literary" and year-book material. It would seem that they think of *Vox* primarily as a souvenir. Let us hope they will buy it; records of sales in the past to graduands are not encouraging. One would think that if they wished a genuine souvenir of their days at United College they would prefer a magazine which contained the best they and their fellows could produce in intellectual and artistic achievement, rather than the unsightly mess of photos and wisecracks which they seem to admire. Junior High stuff.

Second. The editors, encouraged by members of the faculty, have begged, cajoled, blackmailed the student body to contribute to this magazine. (This is, I think, almost their only unsolicited contribution.) Well, the results are here. With what little advice I thought proper to give them, they have weeded out certain efforts which smelt of the locker-room and the Salisbury House, those merely incompetent, and one or two simply frightful. The students who can write are almost all silent. They seem to have fallen into a way of life where encouragement or contempt alike cannot reach them. They actively fear the discipline of composition. I wish they were as afraid of projects and films, of graphs and terminology and tests, of committees and rallies, of pep and poison. They are competing for membership in a new Academy of Lagado.

Yet a few minds remain fresh; a few students find there is excitement in setting the pen to the blank page. In these pages you will find a student with a feeling for nature and stillness, another with sentiment and a wild wit; and some echoes of scholarship. Upon these I pin my hopes.



DR. W. C. GRAHAM
M.A., S.T.M., Ph.D., D.D., F.R.S.C
Principal of United College

AS I write this I have not been privileged to examine the contents of this number and must, perforce, confine myself to generalities. In years gone by this College has had not a little success in the encouragement of creative writing in the undergraduate body and this is still one of the aims we of the faculty cherish.

We are hearing a good deal these days about the way Canada is forging ahead in the more material aspects of its life and we are unfeignedly glad that there is substantial ground for this optimism about our future. But a nation is like a person in this respect that what **IS** is always, in the long view, more important than what it **DOES**. The long road of history is strewn with the wreckage of nations and peoples who failed to perceive this, nor are we without contemporary evidence of what such failure means.

This being so, the function of literature may be seen to be of first rate and very practical importance to any society, and particularly to one so recently to appear on the stage of history

as our own. For literature, along with the other creative arts, is a very important means by which we may be confronted with and made more critically aware of the intangibles of our life, of the values we really pursue and the spirit in which we pursue them. The truth about our relative maturity, as a people, will be most clearly revealed through these media.

Without boasting it may, I think, be said that our capacity for authentic self expression through literature is definitely increasing. Certainly this is so in poetry, in fiction and in biography and history. But it will never be adequate for the material promise of this great country of ours until youth takes more seriously than it does today the literary responsibility which must be met by them if it is to be met at all. The road to literary achievement is long and hard. I covet for this college the achievement of setting a goodly number of its student members, in real earnest, upon that road.

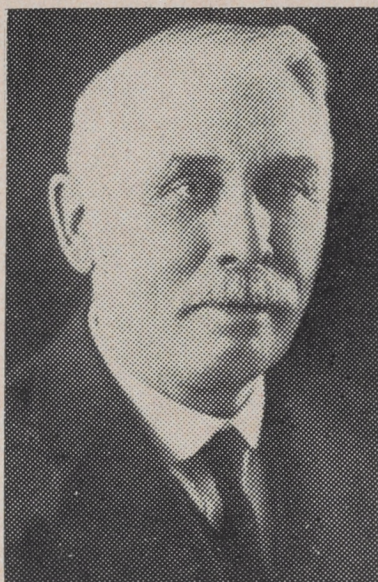
W. C. GRAHAM
Principal



(Seated) Ramsay Cook, Bud Harper, Roger Maybank, Glen MacKenzie, Ken McVey, Don Denison, Rev. Hugh McLeod, Merlyn MacLean, Essie McCreery, Bill Zaporzan, Jim Morgan, Pat Cameron. (Standing) Joe Fry, John Klassen, Kay Sigurjonsson, Melba Verge, Des McCalmont, Mr. Gerald Bedford, Joan Christie, Donald Finlay, Joan Kergan, Janet Scott, Jim Smith, John Wright, Bill Paterson, Barbara Melnick, Marilyn Starr, Josephine Morgan.

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REV. JOHN H. RIDDELL

B.A., B.D., D.D., LL.D.

Principal of United College, 1917-1938

The Funeral Address for Dr. J. H. Riddell delivered by the Reverend Donald C. Munro, Minister of Memorial Park United Church, Carleton Place, Ontario.

Romans 1:16—"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of love unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

THOSE of you who knew the late Dr. J. H. Riddell with any degree of intimacy will note the appropriateness of this text, for it is in itself a declaration of a great conviction, thoroughly experienced, constantly proved and held forth as the supreme incentive to life and action.

In this letter to the church at Rome these words are Paul's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," the defence he made for himself as an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, because it was indeed the gospel of Christ that had enabled him to carry on so triumphantly to the very end. It was this gospel of Christ that had arrested him with such compelling power when he was a young man. It was this gospel that had sustained him and upheld him through imprisonments and ship wrecks — and cruel scourgings — perils by land and sea, and from ruthless adversaries everywhere. It was this gospel that had kept him steadfast when he was scorned and rebuffed and rebuked as a misguided fanatic

and a fool. It was this gospel that had been his strength and his stay when he was obliged to pass through the deep waters of personal suffering and sorrow.

But it was this very same gospel and its power to save that Paul believed would some day conquer the Roman empire and thence lay claim to the whole world for Christ, simply because it was of God and of God's purpose to bring salvation to everyone that believeth. So, far from being ashamed of or apologetic for it, Paul gloried in it, rejoiced in it and lived by it. This is the way Dr. Moffatt translates our text: "I am proud of the gospel. It is God's saving power to everyone who has faith."

At any rate, it was the power of God to St. Paul, because it had so completely laid hold of him and had transferred his character. It had penetrated his whole being. It had soaked and saturated his every thought and word and deed. "To me to live is Christ," he said. "I determined

not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Those of you who knew Dr. Riddell, learned to appreciate a similar zeal and ardour, because the gospel to him was a first hand vital experience. It was not something he inherited, though he stood in the line of splendid family traditions. Nevertheless it was something he had made his own. For him Christianity was not a mere nodding of the head to give approval or assent to a creed or any formula of belief. It was rather a living experience of the truth of God's word, as apprehended in a vital fellowship, and commitment to the Lord Jesus Christ. Accordingly, his Christian faith manifested itself in everything he did. He bore the marks of his Master, which were evident even in his countenance and always in his behaviour.

And just because Dr. Riddell set a very high standard for himself in belief and conduct, he lived on a plane of thought and feeling far beyond the attainment or understanding of those who yield themselves to the subtle attractions of worldly wisdom, in fashion or popularity, or greedy gain or passing pleasures. These had no claim upon him since he had higher motives and objectives. When one dared to sound him out in his convictions it was like striking flint. He was so fundamentally sane and sound that in his personal habits and every day relationship to others one could have rung a coin on his conscience.

I first met Dr. Riddell in 1940, when as chairman of the Renfrew Presbytery I was presiding at the opening of a new church hall at Smiths Falls. Dr. Riddell was there and delivered his famous address on "The Elder." Nine years later, in the spring of 1949, I had a letter from him intimating that he would like to spend the summer months in some town outside of the city, where he could indulge his hobby of gardening. I went to Ottawa to see him and he was easily induced to come to Carleton Place. I have since regarded this as one of the wisest acts I have ever done because his almost daily companionship was not only a blessing to me, but he became a highly respected citizen. And while Dr. Riddell was already well stricken with years, his presence was immediately felt, even by those whom he casually met on the streets or who heard him occasionally from my pulpit, with his strong resonant voice and his

equally strong emphatic message.

During the last few days in the press recognition has been given to Dr. Riddell for his service in the cause of higher education, particularly in Western Canada. This is only fair and just, but he once told me that some of his most satisfying work had been done after he had become Principal Emeritus of Wesley College in 1938. It was in this period he produced and published two books. The first was "The Elder," containing the address which he gave in a trans-Canada tour along with the results of his scholarly researches. The last time he delivered this address was when we ordained two elders in this church in April, and in it Dr. Riddell displayed much of his old time vigour. He said of this brochure that it was the one piece of his work that had any survival value. The other book was the History of Methodism: The Middle West of Canada. He was pressed to write it because he was the one person who had a first hand acquaintance with the men and movements. He hoped that it would be a source book of information for later historians.

And then there was his third and last work, which he was working on until a very few weeks ago. It was his memoirs, and he honoured me by asking me to go through it and make any suggestions. Certainly these memoirs give a sort of completeness to his long career, a summing up of his life and thought. He preferred to call them "Gateways"—under several phases.

There was the "Gateway" concerning the life of a boy on an Ontario pioneer farm, with its hardships and advantages. You will recall his boyhood idea of God, — dwelling above the big tree in the barnyard, until that idea grew into the prayer to the Father, through communion and fellowship with Christ. What prayers they were! To me they often sounded like love letters, with the familiar and fervent, — "Dear Heavenly Father" — and "Our loving Heavenly Father" — for such they truly were.

Next came the Gateway to our Education. Here were the difficulties of getting to school, the problem of finance, the struggle and the sacrifice. Out of this came his determination to help needy and worthy students, and the scholarships he established in colleges in Alberta, Manitoba and Ontario.

Then came Gateways to service. His desire was to preach, and not to teach, but he was

soon brought from the pulpit to Wesley College, on account of his proven teaching and administrative ability. Next he went to Edmonton, and the college which he founded with one student over a retail store. Then back to Winnipeg in 1917 he came to rehabilitate a college that had fallen on hard times, and how despite a business depression and other difficulties he won out. He called this his "terrible time."

It was during this period that he became known beyond the church and its colleges. For 25 years he was a Director of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He sat on various government commissions. He was honoured by three universities. His counsel and sound judgment were always in demand. Had he not chosen the Church, he most assuredly would have been an eminent jurist and been elevated to the bench.

Gateways always seemed open when others closed. Today I noticed people using gateways as escape, avoiding their public and private duty — their feeble alternatives to high service. But all Dr. Riddell's gateways offered

views out and beyond and forward looking. Even gateways came to him through his troubles and sorrows. A son Harold made the supreme sacrifice in the first world war. His beloved wife passed away in 1943. And then Gerald, with a very promising career on the international scene, was so suddenly taken. I was with him in that crushing experience, because Gerald was the very apple of his eye — the child and delight of his old age. Only by the power of his faith did Dr. Riddell come through that ordeal, and because he had also above everything else — the will to live, the will to think and do — even after his frail body was obviously breaking under the strain.

Thus the final Gateway was therefore one that looked out upon a golden future — rich with the wonderful promise of God — with vistas of farther horizons, the spheres of fresh labours of love and service. For when he passed through that last Gateway to the celestial city, I think the trumpets must have sounded for him on the other side.

Servant of God — Well done!

HONOUR FORMER LOCAL MINISTER

DR. HIRAM HULL

A MEMORIAL to a popular Hamilton minister, who died in June of 1951, was unveiled at First United Church in 1952. The Rev. W. L. Lawrence, B.A., associate minister, conducted a memorial service for the Rev. Dr. Hiram Hull.

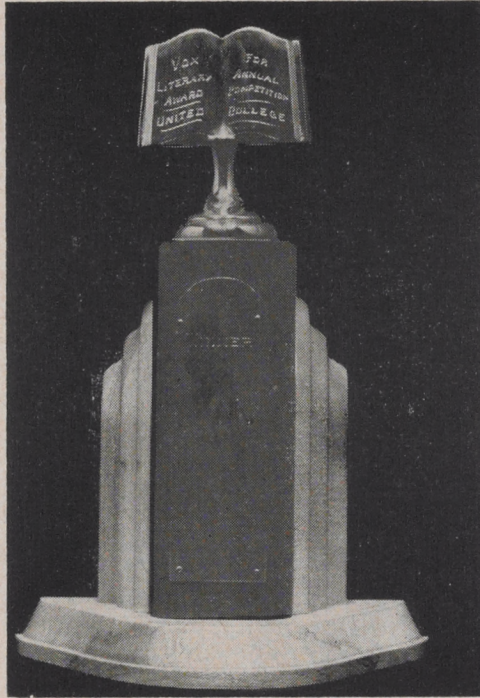
Dr. Hull, who came to Hamilton in 1941 from the Toronto Conference as associate minister during the Rev. Dr. E. Crossley Hunter's pastorate, continued, officiating as pastor until the Rev. Dr. E. Melville Aitken, the present minister, was inducted. He then served as visiting minister with Dr. Aitken and as such became endeared to thousands of Hamiltonians.

A big man physically and spiritually, he has been described as a source of great spiritual strength, guidance and an example to all with whom he came in contact.

Eighty years old at the time of his death, Dr. Hull, who died at his summer home, Juddhaven, Muskoka, covered most of Canada in his 60 years of preaching before settling in this city. Insisting on a teaching ministry and pastoral work, he also took an active part in young people's work, Sunday School work and teacher training. He was a member of the Religious Education Council of Canada for 10 years.

One of the commissioners who formed the United Church of Canada in 1925, he was born in Albion Township, Peel County, graduating from Wesley College, Winnipeg, being ordained in 1908.

The memorial is in the shape of a handsome, enlarged photograph.



*The VOX Award
for 1952-1953
has been awarded to
DAVID BLOSTEIN
First Year, United College*

Tar Shack
Ghost Town
Russian Foreign Policy
The Nature of Man
The Artful Hitch-hiker
Ode to the Editor
The Poetry of Pope
Poartry

LITERARY

City of Brotherly Love
The Cosmopolitan
Lacerations of a Lecture
Winter
Unification of Europe
Two Poetic Masterpieces
Romeo and Juliet
Rebirth

TAR SHACK

By DAVID BLOSTEIN

"**N**OW look, kid, I'm responsible for you now an' I don't want you to get into any trouble. This tar ain't candy y'know—y'can't lick it off. And it's hot, kid, it's hot."

Old Weller turned back to his tar kilns, two mounds that had once been cylinders, now almost conical with the black deposits around their bases. He picked up a two pound chunk of tar and lowered it slowly into one of the kilns. It melted and boiled before it could reach the bottom four feet below. Weller hobbled to a corner of the shack and was lost for a few minutes in the darkness. He came back with his arms full of kindling, scrap wood that the kid had brought in that morning, and put them down on the dirt floor in front of the kilns.

The kid sat on an overturned pail near the opening of the tar-shack and looked at the tar boiling in the open kilns. He watched through the smoke-steam as Weller, shielding his eyes, tossed the kindling into the narrow opening at the bottom of one of the amorphous ovens.

"Remember, kid," Weller said, picking up a mucky tar pot by its three-foot handle, "this is the best job you can get, here, in these shops . . . don't let anybody fool you." His whole face, a folded lump of dough, was continually working. He dipped the tar pot into the kiln and poured the boiling contents into a large pail.

"You ain't so smart, y'know, goin' back to school," the old man continued, still filling the pail, "you should stick to this job—there's a future in it. Look at me, now—never went past seventh grade, but look at me." He spat into the kiln and the tar sizzled angrily. "Why, do you realize I'm the head of the tar shack, me, and nobody above me but the labour foreman, the

superintendent of the car shop, and the president of the railway. I got the best job in the shops, I have."

The pail was filled, and Weller suddenly pointed a finger at the kid. "I'm the first one here every morning. Think of that. Forty-seven hundred and sixty-three men working in these shops and I'm the first one here every morning."

"Everyone knows it," he added, testing the pail for weight. "Foreman, he says to me, nothin' gets lifted from the tar shack when Weller's around." He picked up a scoop-pot. "Every morning, kid." He spat again into the kiln. "Six o'clock.

"Take that rod over by the door. No, not that one, the long one . . . That's it. All right, put it under the handle of the pail. I'll go in front. Now don't lift it up too fast. Slow and straight up . . . that's it . . . straight up. Now look, if the pail starts rockin' don't try to stop it. Just yell to me and run. That tar don't know nothin' about Emily Post. Now let's go."

The kid didn't take his eyes off the tar pail, where groups of bubbles floated slowly on the surface of the liquid, gently bumping each other, like friendly cannibals. He didn't see how the winter sun's ochre light blocked everything in the yard into shades of yellow and black. He didn't notice the carpenters slopping sheep fat on reefer doors, and the passing paint crew with its spattered scaffold and stencil, and the three-wheeled cart loaded with scrap iron groping its way out of the car shop to be emptied on a flat-car.

Weller and the kid entered track nine and the yellow disappeared, leaving only varying shades of grey to contrast with the black. The vague forms of men flitted between the black masses

*He dipped the tar pot into
the kiln and poured the
boiling contents into a large
pail*

Illustration by the author



of boxcars. A red glow now and then traced the flight of a rivet from the pincers to the metal cup a car's length away. The kid stumbled after Weller, squeezing the rod, stepping over cables, ducking under cables, peering through the darkness.

"We're here kid. Stop slow now . . . slow, slow . . . that does it. Now I'll lift this pail up into the car and you'll see how to lay a floor."

The kid pulled himself into the car. There was a small dust-covered light bulb hanging from the middle of the ceiling. It swayed whenever anyone put his foot down and the car became a maze of moving shadow. The floor was covered with tar paper except for the two extremes of the car where work-horses and tools were laid

out. The kid sat down on a work-horse and watched Weller and his crew as they brought in the long strips of flooring that the carpenters had just finished.

Then Weller, with one motion, thrust the scoop-pot into the pail, brought it out full of oozing tar, emptied it on the tar paper, and thrust the scoop pot back into the pail, all the time running along the wall stooped over, leaving a solid strip of hot tar two feet wide along the length of the car. Three men picked up a strip of flooring and lowered it onto the tar. They shoved the edge tightly against the wall, and two men began to hammer in nails with a short, chopping, wrist motion. Before they had

finished, others were jumping up and down on the strip to tamp it down, and Weller's scoop-pot had resumed its flight between the pail and the floor. Another strip was lowered next to the first onto the new layer of tar and the men began again their overlapping motions, always moving in a crouch, running from the knees, squeezing speed out of throbbing muscles.

And then it was finished. Purple cheeks and red eyes were drawn slowly away from the heat of the floor, the bent, strained backs were slowly straightened, and the men stood up. Then they stared, and blinked, and silently left the boxcar. The kid followed them to the tar shack, bouncing the end of the long iron rod on the concrete floor of the car shop.

* * *

"That's one hell, there."

"A-a-ah, Schmidty, yer always complainin' about somethin'," Weller bawled at the old man who had spoken. "Why, don't you take no pride in your work. You've got the best job in the world, and you're still crabbin'."

"Maybe best job in world for young fella, Weller, but not for old fella," Schmidty said quietly. "Me, I an old man, Weller—you an' me,

we both old men. I like to go some place else, get better job, but too old, me. I gotta stay here, that's all. But it's one hell."

"You just ain't got ambition, Schmidty," Weller said. "I got the best job in the shops, and I'm satisfied. I got all you guys workin' for me, and I'm set. I'm plenty satisfied."

"Like HELL you satisfied!" Schmidty suddenly shouted at him. "You say that cause you know you can't go somewhere else, same's me. You *stuck*, Weller. That's why you pretend you so satisfied with your job, you *stuck*. That's why you strut around like big boss instead of little worker. You *stuck*."

Weller stood silently with a face like hoarfrost. His eyes slowly moistened and his shoulders sagged. And then he sank onto a tool box. Schmidty was sorry he said it, and he mumbled something and left the tar shack, the rest of the crew following him. Weller sat on his tool box, staring out the door. Then he turned to the kid.

"Don't listen to him, kid . . . he . . . he don't know nothin', anyhow."

The kid nodded, and picked up a stick and poked at a piece of tar that had hardened on his boot.

Ghost Town

*The winds of time have swept each corner bare
In this forgotten city of the past;
The sun beats down on empty streets, and
everywhere
Is silence—broken at last
By twittering sparrows nesting in a glade
And a rustling in the grass
Of wild animals who pass
Unafraid.*

—WILDA REYNOLDS.

Russian Foreign Policy

In The 'Twenties

By AL MACKLING

IN the period under observation, Russian foreign policy, guided by the professional Communist revolutionists, sought to enlarge the proletarian revolution throughout the world and yet maintain the hard won base of world proletarian revolution in Russia. Actually, experiences suffered in the years following the revolution (1917-1921) caused most emphasis to be placed on the defence of the isolated Communist country from further armed intervention by the Capitalist world powers about her.

Revolution had come to Russia in October, 1917. It was not the proletarian revolution envisaged by Marx. Rather, it was more of an agrarian revolution. The revolution was in general a spontaneous but divergent outpouring of discontent, manifested by the peasants, the soldiers, the small proletariat and the petty bourgeoisie against the corrupt feudalistic autocracy of the Tsarist regime. The Marxian revolutionaries including Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin had all at one time before the actual seizure of power and the wars of intervention, believed that the inevitable revolution in Russia should and would produce a bourgeoisie-democratic state in Russia and after a considerable period the proletarian revolution would take place. This followed the Marxian historic analysis: Feudalism—Capitalism—Communism.

Trotsky was the first to deviate from purely Marxian theory when, as early as 1906, he forecast that the world revolution would begin in Russia but would survive only if a continuation of the revolution took place in Western Europe. Lenin and the Bolsheviks who assumed power in 1917 convinced themselves that the revolution in Russia would not be just a transitory stage in the Marxian process but would be permanent and would grow with the help of the apparently imminent proletarian revolution in Germany, France and England.

The Communist leaders of the revolution guided their party to power and the dictatorship

of the proletariat in October, 1917, utilizing the chaotic political, economic and military situation and the mass unrest of the oppressed classes in Russia.

The new dictatorship of the proletariat was in reality the dictatorship of the proletariat, peasants, and soldiers by the Communist party, itself under the control of a small hard core of Marxian idealists headed by Lenin and Trotsky. This centralization of control was enhanced by the drastic measures necessarily taken to ward off defeat of the new government by the Capitalist powers and their more dangerous allies within Russia itself. The leaders of the revolution in Russia, Lenin and Trotsky especially, were heralded not only as the leaders of the Russian revolution but were recognized as the leaders of a political party calling for world revolution. This dangerous doctrine frightened the imperial powers of the Western world and Japan; also, intervention in the internal struggle of Russia could bring handsome rewards through the seizure of valuable and strategic Russian territories. The intervention failed mainly due to a lack of co-operation among the active supporters of intervention, war weariness and protests from the peoples in the Western countries and the surprising national support given to the new government by the people of Russia.

When the last of the foreign powers had withdrawn their forces the Communist government led by Lenin controlled a poverty-stricken, war-ravaged and isolated country.

The Communist government had capably led the new Red army to victory over the interventionists but now it was faced with an almost insuperable task. The country was in a state of economic chaos, shorn of a good deal of territory and Russian¹ speaking peoples and faced with hostile powers more than anxious to see her succumb through economic depression or external attack.

1. Ed. Note: The term Russian here as elsewhere means the area and people over which suzerainty was exercised by the Empire of Tsar Nicholas II.

"Russia suffered a temporary 'eclipse' in the early period because of: political isolation, material weakening due to loss of territory, industry and prestige. In addition to internal havoc, Russia had lost considerable territories which included cities of great industrial importance, as well as all but a fraction of her Baltic coastline—territories lost contained some 28 millions of people distributed between a newly enfranchised Finland, Esthonia and Latvia, a resurrected Poland and Lithuania and an aggrandized Roumania."¹

Having decided that the revolution was permanent in Russia and that the revolution must spread throughout the world from Russia, the leaders of the revolution found themselves with a complex problem. If the international policies of the Communist party expressed by the Comintern or the IIIrd International² were too militant it would cause the distrust, fear and open hostility of the Capitalist powers to grow and further weaken the revolution in Russia. The leaders realized that Russia needed time and peace from external attack in order that reconstruction along socialist lines might take place. At first the new government abandoned entirely the old Tsarist diplomacy and international treaties since they believed the world revolution would very soon be a reality.

"The Bolsheviks at first regarded their manoeuvres in the diplomatic field as temporary half measures. They still expected upheaval in the west. The Comintern was the main lever of their foreign policy; diplomacy was a poor auxiliary."³

As the realization of an early world revolution became less likely the Soviet leaders supplemented Comintern activity with the more familiar methods of international diplomacy seeking to prevent coalition of the hostile Capitalist powers against her.

"The defeat of World Revolution necessarily obliged Moscow to defend the sovereignty of the Soviet State in an anarchic world of sovereignties in which all others were 'bourgeois' and therefore actually or potentially anti-Soviet."⁴

In order that Soviet foreign policy might be effective in forestalling any concerted action by the Western Capitalist powers against her, it became increasingly necessary to 'play down' the role of the Comintern, or the International in its sponsorship of world revolution and to use these agencies as supplements to the main Russian foreign policies. Domestic policies were relaxed during the early period with the enunciation of Lenin's New Economic Policy in 1921, which the ruling party frankly realized to be a necessary backward step and a postponement of further socialization and collectivization in order that the country might resume a more healthy economic condition in the shortest possible time. The Soviet leaders realized that if their country was attacked again their situation would be hopeless if the economy of the country was in a state of chaos and the people did not have the will to fight.

During the 1920's Soviet diplomacy was directed by Chicherin and his aide, Maxim Litvinov who succeeded as Commissar for Foreign Affairs on July 25, 1930. After the dark days of 1919 and 1920 had passed and with them, many of the highest hopes for an early world revolution, Chicherin in 1920 expressed the desire of the Soviet Union to re-establish friendly relations and a resumption of trade with the Western powers.

"Seeing that in America and in many other countries the workers have not conquered the powers of Government and are not even convinced of the necessity of their conquest, the Russian Soviet Government deems it necessary to establish and faithfully to maintain peaceable and friendly relations with the existing Governments of those countries."⁵

After protracted negotiations Chicherin's efforts began to bear fruit with the signing of an Anglo-Soviet agreement implying de facto recognition of the Russian Government. The agreement provided for an immediate resumption of trade, repatriation of war prisoners, mutual abstention from hostile acts and propaganda, and a postponement of a settlement of financial claims. On May 6, 1921 a German-Russian trade agreement was signed. Trade agreements with Norway, Austria and Italy followed on September 2, December 7, and December 26, respectively. Common interests of the

5. Quoted by Frederick L. Schuman, *Op. Cit.*, p. 189.

1. Max Beloff, *The Foreign Policy of Soviet Russia, 1929-1941*, (London, Oxford University Press, 1947), Vol. 1, 1929-1936, p. 2.

2. The IIIrd International founded in 1919 in Moscow was from the outset dominated by the Bolshevik Party and its declared objective was to work for the spread of Communism throughout the world. Comintern, (short for The Communist International).

3. Deutscher, *Stalin*, (Oxford University Press, 1949), p. 390.

4. Frederick L. Schuman, *Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad*, (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1946), p. 224.

United States and Russia to remove Japanese forces from Eastern Siberia aided the Soviet cause in the Far East. Secretary Hughes of the United States of America elicited from Baron Shidehara a statement pledging evacuation, non intervention and respect for Russian territorial integrity. The end of October, 1922 saw the completion of evacuation of Japanese troops from Vladivostok. In November of the same year the Far Eastern Republic set up by Russia as a buffer zone against Japan joined the Soviet Union. On May 1, 1925 Japanese forces withdrew from Northern Sakhalin.

At Genoa in April, 1922, Chicherin produced a rapprochement between Russia and Germany. By the Treaty of Rapallo, signed on April 16 by Chicherin and Walter Rathenau, the Soviet Government was given *de jure* recognition from the German Republic, a mutual cancellation of all financial claims, and a regulation of German-Soviet trade on the basis of the most-favored-nation clause. By this treaty both Russia and Germany enhanced their bargaining power in Western European power politics. Attempts at financial settlement at the conference met with failure. Against Allied claims of £13 billion against Russia for Tsarist and Kerensky debts and confiscated property, Chicherin pressed Soviet counter claims for £60 billion for damages suffered by unlawful intervention. At Lausanne in late 1922 a conference was begun to settle the control of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. During the course of the negotiations Vaslov Vorovsky, a Soviet delegate, was assassinated by a Russian emigré of Swiss descent. but the conference ignored the incident and the Swiss courts acquitted him. On July 24, 1923 the Straits Convention signed at Lausanne demilitarized the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, but limited foreign naval forces permitted to enter the Black Sea. The Russian government approved the settlement and became a member of the Straits Commission.

During the long and protracted negotiations carried out by Chicherin and Litvinov, positive gains were made for more friendly relations with the Western powers. *De jure* recognition was granted by many states during 1934: Britain, February 1; Italy, February 7; Norway, February 13; Austria, February 20; Greece, March 8; Sweden, March 15; China, May 31; Denmark, June 18; Mexico, August 1; France, October 28

and Japan, January 20, 1925. The United States, alone among the great world powers refused to formally recognize the new Soviet regime but for all intents and purposes Chicherin had broken the isolation of Russia and it was once more a recognized member of the family of nations.¹

Soviet diplomacy was determined in large measure upon the fears of a renewal of Western intervention. Marxian theorists believed that the Capitalist powers could not remain long at peace especially with a Socialist neighbour. Added to this fear was the realization of the inadequacy and, in many cases, frank injustice perpetrated by the Versailles Treaty that the Russian government as well as the United States refused to sanction. There was little doubt in Russian political strategists' opinion about the likelihood of a further war and that it could be directed against Russia. Russian strategy therefore had to resolve upon the establishment of mutual defence agreements to remain neutral in any new major conflict. Russia feared the domination of Europe by any single power or group of powers and sought to overcome this through systems of mutual alliances whereby she could safely remain neutral until the opportune moment when her entrance on one side would tilt the scales and be of great bargaining power to her.

"Russia sought to counteract the domination of the Continent by a single military power."²

Despite the fact that similar interests and parallel actions may be traced between the Soviet Union and the United States the latter remained openly hostile to the government of the Soviet Union, refusing recognition until 1933. American distrust and fear of Japanese aggrandizement at the expense of Russia caused the United States of America to further the re-establishment of the Soviet position in Eastern Siberia. Both the Soviet Union and the United States denounced the Versailles Treaty. The United States was the first to break the anti-Soviet group and argue for the respect of Russian territorial integrity, refusing to recognize the Baltic States and maintaining that Russia's boundaries should include the whole of the former Empire with the exception of Finland, ethnic Poland and Armenia. The United

1. Frederick L. Schuman, *Op. Cit.*, p. 191.
2. Deutscher, *Op. Cit.*, p. 390.

States at first refused to recognize the Treaty of Riga of March 18, 1921, following the close of the Polish-Russian war since it clearly violated the territorial integrity of Russia. The United States and Russia were in the early period the only major powers outside the League of Nations constantly advocating non-aggression, neutrality and disarmament. Nevertheless, the United States withheld recognition and made rapprochement between itself and Russia impossible while it maintained that the Soviet regime was based on 'force and cunning' and 'the negation of every principle of honor and good faith and every usage and convention underlying the whole structure of international law'. The Russian government's support of the Third International made its diplomats 'the agitators of dangerous revolt' and rendered it incapable of discharging its international obligations.¹

In the mid Twenties Stalin emerged as the strongest single figure in the Communist party. With his ascendance came an even more clearly defined shift of Soviet strategy. Stalin enunciated and championed the 'socialism in one country' theory. This was not an entirely new theory since Lenin had foreseen possibilities for this as early as 1915, but Stalin was the first to champion this concept while pushing the world revolution to the background—not denying it but, in his viewpoint, putting first things first. When Stalin came to the fore Russia was reaping the first fruits of Chicherin's efforts at Rappallo and London. The isolation of Russia had been broken. This hopeful situation made Stalin even more skeptical of the possibility of world revolution. Stalin, on June 9, 1925 in a speech before the students of Sverdlov University, estimated that Russia could remain at peace with the Capitalist world until 1945.

"Thus extreme skepticism about world revolution and confidence in the reality of a long truce between Russia and the Capitalist world were the twin premises of 'socialism in one country.'"²

The failure of an early world revolution was brought home with the debacle of German Communism in 1923. It may well have been that the failure of the German revolution was caused in no small part by Stalin's undervaluation of the

revolutionary potential in Germany. In 1927, the hopeful development in China collapsed with the seizure of power of Chiang Kai-shek and his middle class supporters. Chiang cruelly suppressed his former partners in the Kuomintang, the product of the Sun-Yat-Sen revolution. The subsequent coalition of the Communists with leftist liberals of the Kuomintang broke down in turn and left the Communist hopes in China extremely poor. Here again it may be argued that Stalin directly contributed to the failure in China by his view that a bourgeois revolution was all that the Chinese could now achieve. He argued that a revolution in China would unify and modernize China but would not bring socialism. The failure of the revolution in Germany and the severe set back in China emphasized the hopelessness of proletarian revolution and gave support to Stalin's theories of 'socialism in one country.' The need for strengthening the Soviet base of Communist world operations and tentative abandonment of world revolution in favour of security and 'socialism in one country' was evinced by Congress XV in 1927 when it voted to expel Trotsky and his supporters of world revolution as the immediate goal of Communist strategy.

England was recognized by the diplomatic strategists of Russia to be one of the keys to Russia's success or failure in its attempts to break down the hostility of the Capitalist nations toward her. England was probably the strongest of the victorious allied powers in Western Europe and had played a leading role in the wars of intervention against Russia. The Kremlin recognized that any armed coalition against Russia could very well be led by an English Tory government against her and therefore it was of prime importance to win friendship with her or at least to come to some mutual agreement against a renewal of war between the two powers. Anti-Soviet sympathies played a key role in the election of 1924 in Britain. The Tories widely criticized the Anglo-Soviet trade treaty signed by the first Labor cabinet on August 8, 1924. The treaty provided for the most-favored-nation treatment and for an extension to the U.S.S.R. of the British program of export credits and a loan to the Soviet government guaranteed by the British government. On October 25, just five days before the general election, the famous Zinoviev letter was pub-

1. Notes on the Colby Letter quoted by Frederick L. Schuman, *Op. Cit.*, p. 181, 182.

2. Deutscher, *Op. Cit.*, p. 391.

lished, calling upon the British Communist Party for armed insurrection and although the Soviet chargé Rakovsky declared it to be a forgery it had a pronounced effect on the election. The Anti-Soviet Tory Party was elected to power. After the failure of the General Strike of May, 1926, to which the Soviet trade unions donated £1,000,000, all Soviet efforts to effect a settlement were coldly rejected by the English Government. On May 26, 1927, Prime Minister Baldwin terminated the trade agreements and severed diplomatic relations. On May 30, 1929 the election of a Labor-Liberal majority to the House of Commons brought a hope of renewal of friendly relations. On October 1, 1929, diplomatic relations were resumed followed by a temporary commercial treaty on April 16, 1930.

Relations with the United States continued to be unfavorable despite the similarity of interests and actions pointed out earlier. Trade was carried on with the United States but Soviet representations for the opening of diplomatic relations were dismissed as preposterous. In a reversal of its previous position the United States in 1922 recognized Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania. In spite of the similar distrust of Japan in the Far East, friction continued between the United States and the Soviet Union and reached a near crisis over the ownership and operations of the Chinese Eastern Railway.¹

Russia was invited to participate in the Preparatory Commission of the League of Nations established to prepare a general disarmament conference. Litvinov shocked the assembled delegates when, in 1927 at the fourth session in Geneva, he proposed an immediate worldwide agreement to abolish all military forces, fighting equipment, armaments, war materials and war preparations of any kind. When his proposals were rejected he offered a second plan for partial and gradual disarmament on a quota basis which suffered the same fate. To the Commission Litvinov issued a prophetic warning:

"May those who believe that they have indefinite time at their disposal not receive a rude shock one day."²

1. On May 31, 1924, a Sino-Soviet agreement renounced all Russian privileges, concessions and rights of extra-territoriality in China and provided for joint control of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Frederick L. Schuman, *Op. Cit.*, p. 228.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 30.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 230.

Facing the realization that it would be highly unlikely to establish iron-clad agreements of mutual aid, Russian strategists attempted to neutralize her neighbours and the great powers against participation in a war aimed against Russia.

"The Narkomindel had meanwhile woven an impressive web of peace pacts. Through the use of the then popular panacea for preserving peace by outlawing war, the objective of Moscow was to thwart any combination of Powers against the U.S.S.R."³ The Locarno Treaty of Mutual Guarantee, October 16, 1925, providing a joint Anglo-French-German-Italian and Belgian guarantee of the German-French and German-Belgian frontiers and the supplementary treaties between Germany, on the one hand, and France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Poland on the other, added fuel to the fires of Russian distrust that an armed coalition was being prepared against her.

In 1925, Turkey and the U.S.S.R. concluded a treaty of neutrality in the event of a war involving either power and pledged themselves not to attack one another nor to enter into any blocks or coalitions against one another. A new Soviet-German treaty was produced in 1926 reaffirming the Rapallo agreement and providing for: neutrality in any war in which either party was involved, abstention from economic or financial boycotts of each other and the German government was pledged to oppose anti-Soviet moves at Geneva. Similar non-aggression and neutrality pacts were signed with Lithuania (September 28, 1926), Afganistan (August 31, 1926), Iran (October 1, 1927), Esthonia (May 2, 1932), Latvia (February 5, 1932), Finland (January 21, 1932), Poland (July 25, 1932), and finally with France (November 29, 1932). On February 9, 1929, the "Litvinov Protocol" was signed by representatives of the U.S.S.R., Poland, Roumania, Esthonia and Latvia. Lithuania signed on April 1, Danzig on April 30 and Iran on July 4, 1929. This "protocol" was based on the Kellog-Briand Pact of Paris of August 27, 1928, signed by Russia (the first power to ratify it) on August 31. The Kellog-Briand Pact renounced war as an instrument of national policy and pledged the signatories to settle disputes peacefully. The Soviet government, concerned with the threat of a war directed against her, aimed at neutralizing

herself from attack and making it impossible for any coalition of powers to be amassed against her.

Soviet foreign policy in the 1920's shifted from the early emphasis upon world revolution to preservation of the Soviet State. A number of leftist critics and historians suggest that the world revolution was betrayed, that Stalin consciously led the Communist party from victory in Germany, China and elsewhere throughout the world. Trotsky, probably the most outspoken theorist impatient for early progress of the revolution throughout the world, had not foreseen the consequences of attempts at world revolution in its initial stages — consequences resulting in the wholesale invasion of Russia by the Western Imperial powers and Japan. There is no doubt that if a well organized coalition of the intervening powers had been set up, the Soviet state would have been doomed. It is further highly likely that any new large scale attempt to spread the revolution would have caused a new war of intervention. Realistic Soviet policy therefore necessarily dictated a "go slow" policy in world revolution until the Russian base was secure. The Russian revolution had been declared "permanent" even by Trotsky and Lenin but it could not be permanent for long unless Russia was re-established economically and the threat of renewed intervention was not allowed to materialize.

The prospects of proletarian revolution early began to disintegrate with the emergence of social and political reforms and the emergence of stronger labor unions and reformist parties in Capitalist countries therefore necessitating a far more carefully planned and executed movement to bring about revolution in the West. With regard to China, Stalin was in fact reverting to the Marxian analysis of the emergence of a "bourgeoisie-democratic" society first before a proletarian revolution could take place. This concept was held by the majority of the Communist leaders until the revolution was declared a success in Russia.

There is certainly no real evidence to prove that Stalin abandoned the idea of world revolution but much more that he was extremely fearful lest the impatient revolutionaries, of which Trotsky was the foremost, seriously split the party while the threat of Capitalist attack

hung fearfully over Russia. A bitter warning had been given to the new Russian state by the ware of intervention, a warning not lost on Stalin.

"What is commonly forgotten in the West is that Soviet "totalitarianism" was not inevitable nor necessarily implicit in the Bolshevism of 1917-18 but was forced upon it, with death as the alternative, by the decisions of Russian democrats and of the Western Democracies."¹

The emphasis was therefore placed by Stalin and his followers in the Politburo on security from attack. The Russian government once again was dependent upon power politics and the economic and armed strength of Russia for its survival, let alone the expansion of the Communist ideal. Stalin foresaw a strong possibility of renewed war in Europe and hoped that Russia would be able to strengthen her economic position before it became involved in war. He and his ministers sought to break down the almost unanimous hostility of the Western countries of Europe and stave off war until she could benefit by it. In a speech made on January 1925, Stalin said: "The banner of peace remains our banner as of old. But, if war begins, we shall hardly have to sit with folded arms. We shall have to come out, but we ought to be the last to come out. And we should come out in order to throw the decisive weight on the scales, the weight that should tilt the scales."² Thus the overall policy of the Soviet Union in the 1920's was conditioned by the threat of renewed war and was therefore primarily based upon the need for security.

1. Frederick L. Schumann, *Op. Cit.*, p. 127.

2. *Ibid.*

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The Nature of Man

By JOE FRY

I THINK it is no exaggeration to say that in considering the *nature of man* we are grappling with one of the most fundamental problems of our age. Unless we have a *valid* understanding of man, we are lost, for we fail to understand our actions and the actions of others in the complex relationship of life. We can only stand then at the mercy of the titanic forces of history which demand absolute obedience from man under the guise of glossy pretensions. It is *utterly imperative*, therefore, that we see the truth about ourselves in order to find the meaning of our existence. I think a word of caution is in order, though. In dealing with the *nature of man* we are not dealing with some vague nebulous humanity. We are dealing with the essential nature of men and women in concrete historical situations. Therefore our thinking must be existential if it is to be meaningful. *You*, with all the complex modes of an historical being, are the subject under consideration.

Standing in a world of crisis, we are called to do some really *tough* thinking. Vain sentimentalism, Christian or otherwise, cannot stand against the piercing light of the Marxist analysis. The Marxist position stands as a judgement upon our civilization and all others which refuse to face the inadequacies of their own socio-economic structure. Many thinkers have seen Marxism as a Christian heresy for it is the position of a half truth carrying both the profound insights and extreme dangers that a half truth does.

The Christian faith asserts that man is created in the image of God, and by that it means that man stands in a *structural relationship* with God in which he and God are united. I use the word *structural* to indicate that this relationship with God has a definite and essential character. In this relationship God stands at the very centre of man's life and thus truly lives because he is united with the *source of life itself*. But all men stand in this relationship and in this relationship they are bound together

in true community. *Here* man realizes his destiny. Here and *here only* is man a true human being. The very substance of this relationship is one of *love*, in which God declares that the life of every human personality is sacred. The sacredness of human personality is thus not a human demand; it is a divine claim.

Needless to say, such is not the world that you and I live in. Wherever we look we see man mercilessly exploiting his fellows. Human personality is not regarded as sacred but rather as an *object* among things; something to be used for the self-aggrandizement of other men, an economic system, a class or a state. Men are subject to the brutality of the will-to-power of other men and are *dehumanized*. We live in a world of hatred and divisibility where men are in conflict with their fellow men and at war within themselves. Man no longer has any abiding meaning in his life, his creative capacities are shattered, the brotherhood of man stands as a *hollow mockery*, and men are estranged from men and seem alienated from their true humanity. This is the world we know best!

What has happened to the world that God created and affirmed was good? In seeking to understand and articulate the meaning of evil the Christian faith speaks of the *fall of man*. This is not, as is commonly assumed, an objective incident which took place in two historical people at the dawn of history, but rather the Bible seeks to describe in mythological terms an experience which belongs to every man. You and I in the most profound sense are the characters in that *drama of the fall*. We are Adam and Eve.

The Christian faith affirms that man is a *sinner* but it does not speak of sin in any moralistic sense. The Christian concept of sin is man's rebellion against the will of God. Man refuses to remain in that structural relationship in which God is the centre. He seeks to transcend his own creatureliness and make *himself* the

centre of the world. *He desires to be God.* Placing himself in this position he tries to bend all men to his own will for self-aggrandizement. All men stand in this position, for all men are sinners; men are estranged from one another because each has made himself his own centre.

Thus it is evident that evil is not something outside of man's nature. It is not rooted in any objective historical reality. Rather, it is a positive force which permeates the whole of man himself. The corrupted human situation has deeper roots than mere historical and sociological structures. It is rooted in the depths of the human heart.

The Marxist understanding of evil is extrinsic to the *nature of man*. Marx was aware of evil but he saw it as being inherent in the socio-economic structure and not in man himself. Man himself he considered *good*. Marx thought that man's actions were always relative to the socio-economic structure and as a result if this same structure was evil then man's actions became evil. Marx also saw that the manifestation of this evil was bourgeois individualism, the estrangement of man from man, every man standing by himself and for himself. Marx believed that evil could be eliminated and man's *natural* goodness restored by changing the socio-economic structure. Through this new socio-economic structure a collective is established in which he believed men would be restored to a true relationship with one another.

By formulating this theory Marx was speaking prophetically to his time. In every age man has created complex structures in which he seeks to direct the course of his life and to these forms he has always sought to give an authority of absolute sanction, refusing to admit their fragmentariness. But Marx saw through the pretensions of his age and pointed out the injustice and brutality of bourgeois capitalism. He shattered the bourgeois idea of inevitable progress which assumes a natural equilibrium of economic power. I believe that Marx's insights into the evil of the socio-economic structure of his time were valid. However, he misunderstood the real origin of this evil. Thus the conclusions that he drew were false.

They were false because he failed to understand the source of evil and therefore its true dimensions. Since evil is a positive force which is in the very heart of man it cannot be eradicated simply by reordering the economic structure.

Marx saw that man was separated from man but he attributed this separation to the economic order alone. He thus sought to reunite man with man through the external structures of the economic factor, thus creating a collective. But again he did not see deep enough into the meaning of evil. Men are not separated from one another just on an economic plane but in the depths of their being. Therefore his collective unites men on a superficial level only and does not heal the real infection which poisons mankind. Man *remains* a sinner and is thus still separated from his fellows. Yet Marx did not see this in his own system. He, in his piercing insight, revealed the fragmentariness of bourgeois capitalism and went on to show how all systems were incomplete and contain within themselves the seed of their own destruction. But Marx refused to admit that his system is just as fragmentary. The inadequacies of other cultures do not appear in his. The Marxist has posited his understanding as absolute truth from which he judges *all* systems but will allow for *no judgement* on his position. Thus Russia finds greatest difficulty in establishing inner moral checks upon its will to power; not because it is communistic or materialistic but because it is informed by a single religion and culture which makes self-criticism impossible and self-righteousness inevitable.

However, though we may think the evil and the contradictions of the Marxist position are obvious, we of the west participate in those same contradictions. They are more subtle but perhaps for that very reason they are more dangerous. We too externalize our understanding of evil although in a slightly different way. Instead of seeing evil as inherent in the faulty order of the world, we see it in those nations or systems which threaten our prosperity and security. So, like Marx, we look for a false redemption. If we can only get rid of the Kaiser the New Age will appear. If Hitler can be defeated then surely the New Order will be ushered in. And now, if only Russia can be taken care of the Kingdom will come. And we too absolutize our position by claiming that the *great American way of life* is the Messianic hope of the world and we support this claim by asserting that all the religious forces of the world stand with us. We are the representatives

of all that is good and right in the world and so all who threaten *our* way of life are evil.

However, it is the Christian faith which sees most profoundly into the true nature of evil. It is true that Marx saw evil with a clarity that his contemporaries lacked, but even he could not see its true dimensions. He put it *outside* of men; the Christian says that man *himself* is corrupted in the very depths of his heart. The Christian faith sees evil as that positive force in man which not only corrupts socio-economic forms but also has shattered the very structure of his own being. This is *not* just a different emphasis from Marx's understanding but an entirely different understand-

ing of the true nature of evil. *Evil always has to do with man's structural relationship with God.* Therefore, Christians cannot believe that the ills of the world can be resolved simply by changing the external forms. Man can be only redeemed through the re-establishment of the structural relationship with God. Man cannot re-establish this relationship; it is God alone who can do that. The Christian affirms in faith, that God *did* in Jesus Christ.. Only as men know the forgiving love of God are they reunited with the true centre of their lives. And only within this structural relationship do men stand in the true community of the Brotherhood of Man. *To the living God and to Him only can men give utter obedience.*

The Artful Hitch-hiker

A ONE ACT PLAY

by JAMES WILLER

CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

JANET SURACCI (*Daughter of an important railway official*)

ALSTA FYFFE (*An up and coming artist*)

OSCAR GABION (*Younger, and the companion-pupil of Alsta*)

SCENE

The Trans-Canada Highway somewhere between Trail and Nelson.

The summer of 1952.

A young lady is busy tinkering with a car. She is very well built. Raphael would have delighted in her as a model. Of course she would have refused him were it possible they could meet; unless he painted her in the turret of a tank, testing an aeroplane, or driving Hyperion's Chariot in his stead. She possesses the bearing of one who knows what she is doing, and where she is going. In other words she is absolutely deadly—from the point of view of men.

At this moment she is in the act of readjusting some device for the control of the speed of the

car. Her father installed it, knowing her for an incurable dare-devil. She is rather irritated by the fact that she must secretly engage and disengage this device a few miles out of town, at the cost of quite a bit of trouble. However, she thinks it is worth while.

Two hitch-hikers appear, carrying enormous haver-sacks, with rolled sleeping bags hanging askew. Their heavy burdens look painfully uncomfortable to bear, and can be best described as a bloated confusion of underwear, writing paper, bread, books and paints. The interstices are filled with rolled-oats, the accumulation of four months of leaky cartons. In addition, each carries a parcel, and a paper shopping bag. A palette is seen hanging out to dry. They are artists, returning from a summer's tour of the Rockies. Travelling expenses amount to a dollar-fifty for five thousand miles. Oscar the younger, is glowing with pride in this accomplishment, and in a few miserable drawings which supply him with visions of memorable canvases. The elder is nonchalant, by contrast. But then, the younger has not hitch-hiked

through North Africa, half Europe, painted Venice and given innumerable one-man shows. He is the enthusiastic convert to a more exciting mode of travel, and fashion of painting.

JANET: Equality is the musical ripple on the top . . . The murky male collusion's underneath. If life were not the exciting sea it is, and arms and legs to paddle the body's boat, I'd curse my father to his very face, though I'd crumple in his mad grizzly grip . . .

(Enter Alsta).

ALSTA: Having trouble?

JANET: Let us not be obvious.

ALSTA: Then let's be frank, her rich relation.

JANET: A rich, what?

ALSTA: I'm asking for a lift. That is when we are repaired.

JANET: Hitch-hikers (she sounds disgusted).

ALSTA: That calling.

JANET: Calling?

ALSTA: O yes we're religiously inspired; that is the primates among us. There are of course the laymen. Penny flips we call them.

JANET: And you are dollar flips I suppose?

ALSTA: O, no. Much better. We're dollar-fifty flips. Five thousand miles for a dollar-fifty.

JANET: Be off, man! I know your religion. Canons of lampreys, hyperorthodoxy of hyenas, beliefs of bald eagles that prey on burdened ospreys. At least I'm the daughter of the self-sufficient.

(The girl slithers under the car with a dexterous wriggle, spanner in hand.)

OSCAR: She's the daughter of a self-made man, note.

ALSTA: Our Maker's abused. Hired by one generation, and fired by the next. And now currently indisposed by a battery of peeping Toms, led by a two hundred inch pussyfoot, nosing nightly among His mattresses of stars.

OSCAR: Let us walk.

ALSTA: Walk! And flout the first law, sacrosanct. Offend the Prime Cause who effected motor cars for us who revel in the miracle we're heir to. Besides, our calling's been spat on, and our self respect bellows for reinstatement. She'll pay the recompense I've settled on.

OSCAR: How?

ALSTA: By driving us into town.

OSCAR: My feet are cold.

ALSTA: And by belly's burning with hot indignant coals.

OSCAR: I'll catch my death of cold, unless—

ALSTA: You warm your blue nails in my display of firewords. Remember the tongue—

OSCAR: And the thumb are the tools of our profession. I know.

ALSTA: Then remember, proselyte. Wrap your argumentum as a wife wraps her Christmas cake. Tinsel of antitheses, frills of white wit and purple pathos. Yes, and a glass of euphony clouds the insipidity of an ill-mixed proposition.

OSCAR: Why whet your tongue on her? She's the stone you get no blood from. Besides Maillol carved her out of the tenth rib of a fossilized whale.

ALSTA: O, we can command waterfalls of wisdom, rainbows of rhetoric, rivers of dissertation, whose springs rose in the first primeval thought and rillels multilingual. Little we piddle in, but may unlock milleniums of flood to wear away a stone.

OSCAR: It should mortally offend the artist in you to use art for persuasion. Suppose you should stumble into the valley of the shadow of the half true, being lost in a maze of words.

ALSTA: You'd expurgate me, I suppose. I could call you by a fashionable dirty name.

OSCAR: Not *that*! Why?

ALSTA: Because you would blow up parliaments and pull down pulpits . . . Shall I tell you what everyone else can plainly see; that man is a demi-god?

OSCAR: How?

ALSTA: Because he makes that which is born, copulates and dies, like him.

OSCAR: What is that?

ALSTA: Truths. You should know. You've spent half your irreplaceable hours squatting among 'tome-stones' reading epitaphs. Men respect the well-wrapped lie. Imagine the tonnage of wholesome stuff dumped into the sea of the world's forgetfulness, because men abhor an unattractive carton. Why have we incorporated the lemon, the sourest of fruit?

OSCAR: Because men love the color yellow, and the shape of a woman's breasts.

ALSTA: My pupil! Oscar! (A glow of pride is perceptible).

OSCAR: Pour your Niagara on her innocent head. I'm already num^b with cold. I suffer. I shall surely die.

ALSTA: You add import to the challenge. Your life nestles in my mouth like a family of tender fish fry.

(Alsta with serious intent hurries to the front of the car and bending calls:

Hey there! Miss Granite!

(The girl wriggles into view.)

JANET: The name is Janet. (She perceives suddenly who it is). Are you still here? Be off with you! I'm religiously inspired too, but I believe in hard work and paying my way.

ALSTA: The road to Hell is paved by those who've payed their fares.

JANET: O how I abhor lickspittles, trucklers, hangers-on, who refuse to drive their own canoes.

ALSTA: You mean, paddle their own cars.

JANET: You irritate me. I swear, by heaven, you'll never ride in this car. My father, and his, and innumerable men like them, blasted this impossible road from the East to the West oceans—

ALSTA: But did they ever take their eyes off it? Did you while you were driving here?

JANET: Would you at seventy miles an hour?

(She is temporarily carried away.)

O, to feel the wind in your face. I took Wedding Cake Corner and Suicide Bend at forty-five, and on a wet road and at night and alone. O, the thrilling evil smell of burning timber. I passed everyone. I frightened deer and killed a quail. Now the car's christened in blood. That's lucky on cars, unlike ships you know.

(She returns from her reverie.)

Be off! You have no scruples. And you, there. (She points to Oscar.) Don't look so pitiful.

ALSTA: (Sensing defeat, makes a last ditch stand.) You take your tempered scruples and rivet them into armor for the better protection of your tender soul. I'll weave my scruples into rope and bind myself to the first rocket into space . . . and send you letters by the meteoric mail describing heaven.

(Janet launches an attack upon Oscar for he is obviously the weaker of the two.)

JANET: And since you have no scruples either, what kind of deity inspires you?

OSCAR: O well, objects of worship change. Last week it was Mt. Assiniboine.

ALSTA: To-day it might be the loveliest of all women.

JANET: Fickle, fickle, minds. (he ignores her).

ALSTA: It's simply that we prefer the uncomplicated life. Some people require a gallon of rationale to make a pinch of God palatable. We prefer to take our Maker in little doses of revelation.

JANET: (She arrests the act of sliding under the car.) This is a challenge, really, and makes me more determined to defeat with plain woman-sense the irrationality of the male. We'll Mr. Defendant! proceed. Defend your disreputable profession, if you can. You sing like the cicada. I believe you are worth squashing . . .

ALSTA: We are proud of heart and mind, man we love deeply, knowledge dearly, warm of heart, savior faire, courage of cougars, jaegers in thrills, foxes in stealth, owls in wisdom, dogs in a venture, pride of lions.

OSCAR: And let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman.

ALSTA: Oscar! Go and make another sketch! What's this? Are you copying nature again? Let nature speak expressively through you.

JANET: Oscar. Will you deliver this? There is a garage along the road a bit. I know the proprietor well enough.

OSCAR: The nerve. Will I get a ride out of it?

JANET: No.

OSCAR: Then I refuse.

JANET: How can you? Remember that part of your defence: Man you love deeply.

ALSTA: You'd better go, Oscar.

OSCAR: Curse. (She hands him a note. A swish of wind is heard.)

JANET: That's the second ominous sign today. (She pauses a long while.) Well?

ALSTA: Did you interpret orchards on the way?

JANET: Interpret? I saw straight rows of dying blossom, and changed them by the magic wand of speed into the aromatic quilt of Allah.

ALSTA: There are four ways to fertilize a flower.

JANET: The wind and the buzzing bee. Two!

ALSTA: O! You're extinct. You're fossilized, Oscar was right. The bee was excommunicated by the Edict of Parathyne.

JANET: Was the wind laid off? (Her tone is bitterly sarcastic.)

ALSTA: O, yes, definitely. Made redundant by a shower of pollen-filled shells, bayonets of dabbers, and a miraculous contraption for laying smoke-screens of magic apple-dust.

JANET: Who else is unemployed?

ALSTA: An unreliable tipster called Climate, with his overcomplicated system of permutations. He's replaced by nests of aluminum serpents spitting government inspected measures.

JANET: And where might I find all this?

ALSTA: Under Allah's quilt.

JANET: And how did you interpret—

ALSTA: O, yes. I missed the battle of the firelight, and the collect for the day derived therefrom, recalling all prayers for Earth's pardon and the forgiveness of Heaven's transgressions, recited to the accompaniment of the International Anthem, whose theme is the overthrow of the kingdom of Streptococci and played on a quartet of cyclotrons.

JANET: And who told you?

ALSTA: A dry and weather-cracked old man, foretelling his wind-scattered end in little leeward spittles. You'd have dismembered him in the draft of your racer. I rode one hundred miles with him.

JANET: And you gave him in return?

ALSTA: What an insufferable barrage of questions! A noble Roman's request and a great artist's gift, an ear.

JANET: Tell me, how are you jaegers in thrills?

ALSTA: Oscar tells best of a forty-nine mile drive in the company of four spirited Indians.

JANET: Drunken Indians? Of course he ordered them to stop.

ALSTA: Yes. So they offered him a drink, and demonstrated a well argued superiority by an experiment in volumes.

JANET: He refused, of course.

ALSTA: And violate an Adam-made decree? Refuse meat or drink the symbol of amity? Have mercy woman!

JANET: Is this your fox in stealth? He was cowardly.

ALSTA: Nonsense! Scientific! Is it good mechanics to try to balance eight hundred wine-wild pounds of flesh against one hundred and forty-two?

JANET: Where did the thrills begin?

ALSTA: Along a mountain road, when a blissful squaw played blind man's buff with the driver.

JANET: (She ponders awhile, and a comparatively pleasant expression dawns on her face). I hope you're not as scandalously low as Oscar.

(Alsta loosens his collar.)

How I long for the open sesame. I could unlock my gates to. Are you a cougar in courage?

ALSTA: One sundown, out of the grotesque yellow smelter-fog of Trail, and the currents of the wide Columbia, carving the black and tan toffee hills, we divined a certain manic-depressive, self-schooled Mumbo Jumbo from medieval Wales. A doctor of a race of fire-possessed caco-demons. He took us to his den.

JANET: Was he mad?

ALSTA: Until they brought a polio-withered crone. Then he removed his shirt together with a concatenation of diabolical amulets—animal magnetism, celery viruses, and a hotch potch of atmospheric pressures—and woke the sleeping nerve with his Clarion fingers.

JANET: Then he was practical! Sane!

ALSTA: O quite. He threatened to shoot us.

(Oscar returns—panting. He is delighted to see an obvious thaw in the icy face of Janet.)

JANET: Were you afraid? What did you do?

ALSTA: I was instantly seized by action. Cougar in courage (he adds superciliously. Janet rushes to him uttering ecstatic noises and kisses him violently).

JANET: O Sesame! Sesame! You *are* a man of courage.

OSCAR: The name is Alsta, Alsta Fyffe.

JANET: Sesame Fyffe! What a glorious name, I thought you were word without deed. (She rushes off to peer down the highway as if expecting someone. They hear her singing to herself. Sesame, Sesame).

OSCAR: O, what a rogue and peasant knave you are.

ALSTA: I didn't lie, I used action in the sense of being *acted upon*.

OSCAR: True, you quivered like a loose blanc-mange, thrust your chattering money in your month old sock, and heavily fumed your bed. You changed your ocular guards all night long. All this is action. He threatened to shoot us, only if we dared surprise him in his bed.

ALSTA: Oscar, art is selection. Not every detail suits the selected theme.

OSCAR: Pardon.

ALSTA: Granted, proselyte.

(Janet returns.)

JANET: The long hovering summer clouds are burst and water my thirsty dying roots. What a happy union is this.

ALSTA: (alarmed) Union?

JANET: Yes. Of action and meditation in you. You have taught me much, Sesame . . . You must permit me to join your faith. Tell me the creed and the awful rites of initiation. Well, daren't you let me in?

ALSTA: (cautiously) O well, there is no ceremony, and only a few tricks to be learned. One, catch your man on a ferry, he can't refuse you there. Two, conceal all bags behind the largest. (It all sounds rather idiotic.)

JANET: O Sesame! How prosaic. Teach me to love men dearly, wisdom of owls, pride of lions. (laughingly she adds) And I want to be at one with all of creation that hitch-hiked once, remember, in its entirety.

OSCAR: With whom?

JANET: Noah, you ass . . . Sesame, I have thought of a magnificent act of initiation. I

possess the lamb which is to be sacrificed to purify my sin of blindness.

ALSTA: What lamb?

(The spring which produced fountains of ideas hitherto has apparently dried up. He fears because he does not understand the nature or extent of his conquest.)

JANET: Push, Sesame! Push, lord and master. (She begins to push the car and Alsta assists mesmerically. Janet steers it as she walks. The car swings to the right and over a precipice . . . There is a long awful silence following the crash.) *The deed that purifies, makes a disciple of, and will probably kill, Janet Suracci.*

(An enormous black taxi rounds a distant bend. It looks like a great menacing beetle.) It's my father, Alsta, he got my message. God have mercy on us. (Her voice sounds like a tolling bell. Alsta slumps down onto his enormous sack looking white and limp. Janet stands behind him hands on his shoulders. She is trembling a little.) It will be hell. But he who can face a gun can face a grizzly bear. (Oscar picks up his bag and hurries off.)

ALSTA: Where are you going Oscar in my hour of need?

OSCAR: Exploring.

ALSTA: Exploring?

OSCAR: O yes. To find a tributary of courage to divert into your waterfall of wisdom. Goodbye.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Ode to the Editor Who Would Laugh at Genius

*He casts an aspersion upon my ambition
To write for a public; (whose woeful condition
Makes reading seem well-nigh impossible).*

*Hence, in order to spite him
I've decided to write him
A verse that is wastebasket-tossible.*

—DES MCCALMONT.

The Poetry of Pope

By ARDYCE MAYES

THE key to an understanding of the poetry of Pope lies, I think, in a study of his background and personality.

The year 1688, which marked the "bloodless" death of the Stuart dynasty in England, and marked a new era in British Constitutionalism, marked also the birth of a superb literary genius. Alexander Pope was born into a Catholic home at a time when, understandably enough, England looked upon Catholicism with eyes of hatred and suspicion. Thus, from the beginning, Pope suffered the persecution always attending one who is of a spurned religion, and was made conscious of his inferior position in society. When we add to this the fact that he was cursed from birth with a sickly and deformed body, it is not hard to understand how all of Pope's thinking, and thus his poetry, was colored inevitably by a feeling of intense bitterness against all those who persecuted him. This feeling is particularly evident in his writing of "The Duncaid," in which he really does seem to be "a tortured victim screaming out the shrillest taunts at his tormentors."

Apart from these natural social disadvantages Pope was, of course, a particularly likely target for abuse because he was possessed of a morbid sensitiveness and a vanity of remarkably vast proportions, which naturally stung his enemies to bitter taunts upon occasion. However, Pope was possessed also of a real tender-heartedness and bore a great affection for those whom he sincerely esteemed, as his devotion to Walsh, Gay, Caryl, and later Swift affirms. There is something strangely pathetic about Pope's eagerness to be always supported by some sturdier arm. There is something commanding our admiration, too, in his fervent determination to climb to the highest pinnacle of contemporary fame, in spite of his social position and a contemptible physical deformity. What a monumental achievement—that a man with such odds against him should, with his *pen*, win his way to the center of the highest social circle of his day!

This heart abnormally sensitive, which un-

fortunately was as capable of bitter resentment as of warm affection, undoubtedly explains in part the almost diabolical cruelty of some of Pope's personal satire, of which the Sporus portrait in the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" forms the most outstanding example. Even the "Rape of the Lock," though the satirical pattern is much more subtly woven, suggests the brilliant wit whose laughter at the "little unguarded follies of the female sex" takes on a slightly contemptuous note. This would come perhaps from Pope's resentment against fine ladies blinded to his genius by his physical deformity. Stephen has said that while we feel pity for the many sufferings to which Pope's unusual sensitiveness exposed him, we feel also a sort of horror, even contempt, for the bitter animosities which must have "tortured the man who cherished them even more than they did his victims."

From this glance at Pope's background and personality we should pass, I think, to some examination of the important influences which directed his poetic genius and molded his literary ideals.

It was Dryden whom the young Pope admired most and chose as his poetical ideal. The "Essay on Criticism" contains this tribute to the genius of Dryden:

"Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise.
And bid alternate passions fall and rise.
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now."

Certainly one of the most potent influences upon Pope's literary style was exercised by the eminent contemporary critic Walsh, who urged the young Pope to an ambition for "correctness." For Pope and his contemporaries this word "correctness" meant in effect the doctrine of Aristotle, who had considered poetry as an "imitation," but imitation in the creative sense. The poet must not simply copy what he finds before him—his art must help Nature to realize the perfection which she is aiming at but is always being accidentally prevented from realizing. By seeking the "common ground in

the mind of all men," the poets must free Nature from her thwarted intentions. A later poet with Nature as his aim would be wise to imitate the ancients:

"Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day and meditate by night—
Thence form your judgment."

The allegiance to the original and secondary ideas of "imitation" meant allegiance to certain correct literary forms. Walsh convinced Pope that Chaucer and Shakespeare had been great in the Platonic Literary sense—that is, their poetic methods were intuitive and suggestive rather than analytical and controlled. Their works were thus powerful but not "correctly great." Longinus' literary treatise, which was Aristotelian in concept, taught that by discipline and careful attention to rules a poet could reach sublimity. Pope decided to make his works "correctly great" by following this treatise, the literary rules of Boileau, the French critic, and Horace, whose works, though Aristotelian, typified an easy flowing style which Pope admired.

Although the Roman poets help Pope in his search for "beautiful and noble ideas" and aid him in forming his critical standards of poetry, yet, he warns, the poet's allegiance to antiquity should not be exaggerated—the poet at the bottom is himself. Thus the "Essay on Criticism" shows Pope scorning the "correctly cold" and ready to "snatch a grace beyond the reach apart." He tells us that he believes there are three stages of a poem. 1. Inspiration or intuition,—that "fiery condition of the mind," without which no truly great poetry can be written: 2. control of this "fire"; and, 3. the design of the poem.

Walsh convinced Pope also that there should be a correctness of diction as well as correctness in "following Nature" and correctness of design: in his moral poetry Pope uses words with great freedom and consequently with weighty effect. The heroic couplet was the choice of measure for Pope — first because of its unpretentious elegance, a quality essential for anything intended to contribute to the pleasures of a cultured society, and secondly because of the great challenge and variety that it offered to a poet's imagination. For Pope, the heroic couplet was never a restricting form. With the consummate skill of the true artist he made the most of the

wide opportunities for variety in pause rhyme, and balance of line inherent in the heroic couplet. Thus Pope was able often to astonish his readers with the unpredictable—to render his couplets dramatic and at times intensely passionate.

Pope had a vivid sense of what we call "onomatopoeia." He writes always with his ear turned to the subject. In the "Essay on Criticism" he tells us that the "sound must seem an echo to the sense," a precept which Pope is allowed to have observed beyond any other English poet. All his images are strong, rational, and brilliant. He considered always that versification should "begin in the cause of music and continue in the cause of meaning." This is one of the important things that render Pope's poetry so magnificently effective—it is not only a triumph of technique but in most cases, a triumph of content as well.

Pope's superb artistry is also revealed in the fact that he is seldom doing one thing at a time. There is always great variety and color in versification, verbal effects, "poet's diction," and in the "phrasal echoes of older poetry." It is this incomparable blending of such varied poetic effects that reveals the master's hand and which, in "The Dunciad," for example, deflects some of the cruelty of Pope's wit from possible offensiveness.

Variety such as his has its greatest value when the poem connects all the various elements together. Pope has been said to be the "most connectedly various" of poets. His material is concentrated and, as he says, it must be allowed to "open" itself. Sherburn says of Pope that "he evolved a variety of ways of obtaining the interest, richness, or tension of metaphor while preserving, at any rate in appearance, those prose-like simplicities without which no human performance can arrive to any great perfection."

In order to appreciate some of the qualities that constitute the genius of Pope we must turn to an examination of some of his greatest masterpieces.

The "Essay on Criticism" was written in 1709, when Pope was twenty-one years of age. His purpose here is to draw up as much for his own edification as for that of his readers, a body of more or less simplified rules and guides for all literary critics. This was in keeping with the

eighteenth-century trend, since Dryden, of attempting to found some fixed literary "code"—some rational body of literary theory to exist alongside of an ordered Deist religion and a conservative body of clearly-defined political doctrine.

We concede, with Dr. Johnson, that the "Essay on Criticism" exhibits "every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition—selector matter, novelty of arrangement, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression." The surface of the poem is as brilliantly artistic as only Pope can be, but unfortunately the clarity of his exposition and the force of his argument are much less effective. There seem to be some contradictions within the frame-work of the argument that tend to confuse the reader.

Pope begins by urging all would-be critics to "follow Nature." This term as Pope uses it in this passage (lines 70-83) is, I think, somewhat ambiguous—he does not succeed in giving the reader any clear and well-defined idea of the meaning of the term. However, as the poem progresses we receive a somewhat more clarified view of the word "Nature." Pope believes that that condition which he calls the "fiery condition of the mind" and here calls "wit," is the first prerequisite of all great poetry. He realizes that there is some great poetry built on inspiration alone, "which a master-hand alone can reach," but he says: "Moderns, beware!"—wit must in general be tempered by judgment in order that the work be "correctly great." Imaginative fancy must always be disciplined and controlled, as Shakespeare's work was not:

"Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's
steed;

Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed."

The meaning of "Nature," then, as Pope conceived it, is expressed most clearly perhaps in these lines on the Essay:

"True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well
express'd,

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we
find,

That gives us back the image of our mind." It is this last line which harks back to Aristotle's definition of "Nature" and his injunction to give "Nature" her fullest expression through

finding the "common ground in the mind of all men."

It is interesting to note at this point Pope's passing shot directed towards the metaphysical poets (lines 288-296). He speaks most severely of their "glittering thoughts struck out in every line," their "glaring chaos and wild heap of wit." Pope's views on the metaphysical style are those of Dryden, who said of Donne that "he effects the metaphysical, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where Nature only should reign." Thus the fatal flaw of the metaphysical poets, in Pope's analysis, is their turning away from what is really great in their poetic ambition—they do not "follow Nature." Thus, under a brilliant show of fantastic conceits, he says they obscure the "common ground in the mind of all men." It is true that Donne widens the bounds of his readers' experience, but Pope is infinitely more concerned with making us "realize the quality of what we have already experienced."

Throughout the whole of the "essay" we are aware of the epigrammatic quality of the lines, their peculiarly "quotable" nature. This reveals the poet's unparalleled skill in molding and concentrating the thought to a most beautiful conciseness within the frame of the couplet.

Without doubt one of the most polished bits of artistry in the English language is the "Rape of the Lock," which Pope published in 1712. The incident which gave rise to the writing of this master-piece was certainly a trivial one. Lord Petre, a young gallant, had offended a certain Miss Fermor by stealing a lock of her hair. She, being left with only one ringlet instead of two to grace her pearly neck, rose up in sore distress and accused Petre of over-doing the gallantry somewhat, and some unpleasant feeling threatened to develop between the two families. Pope's friend Caryll suggested, rather wickedly, I suspect, that the feeling might be appeased if the young poet would turn the whole unfortunate affair into friendly ridicule. Pope seems to have been highly delighted by the idea and with inspired glee proceeded to transform the affairs of an eighteenth-century drawing-room into one of the finest mock-heroic poems ever produced.

A comic-epic relies for its effectiveness upon the abrupt contrast and association of great ideas with absurd ones. Pope is a master here because he is perfectly at home in both levels

of association—he was thoroughly steeped in the classical tradition with its mighty themes, its invocations, and epic battles, but he was equally at home in the atmosphere of contemporary “high society,” and was thoroughly aware of all its priceless absurdities.

Pope’s mock-epic description of Belinda’s cosmetic table is delightful with its subtle allusions, skilful contrasts and sheer eloquence:

“This casket India’s glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.”

He achieves a wonderful mock-heroic effect of abrupt contrast of idea in the one line,

“Puffs, patches, bibles, billet-doux.” This same effect is achieved again in Canto III by having the curve of the epic effect descend to the burlesque suddenly, at the end of the line:

“Here Britain’s statesmen oft the fall
foredoom

Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home.”
In lines 100-112 Pope illustrates his superbly eloquent command of “poetic diction.”

“From silver spouts the grateful liquers glide,
While China’s earth receives the smoking
tide.”

Such gems of sensuous description as this, which Pope seems to be able to produce with the ease and eloquence of a Romantic poet, bear witness to what has been called the “Keats-like quality of his senses.”

One of Pope’s priceless character-portraits appears in Canto IV. With a few choice words, the picture of Sir Plume is drawn, with his “round, unthinking face” and “snuff-box justly proud.” We sense in this portrait a certain tolerance on Pope’s part—his ridicule of Sir Plume lacks the quality of moral indignation which characterizes real satire, and is certainly a far cry from the deadly-cruel thrust of the Sporus portrait, for example, in the “Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.”

Pope reveals, in the “Rape of the Lock,” his engaging power of making new things familiar and familiar things new. He takes an entirely unfamiliar, fantastic race of creatures like sylphs and gnomes and makes us feel quite happy about it. On the other hand, and requiring greater skill perhaps, he takes the familiar details of a female day and imparts all the sacredness of epic-rites to them.

Pope’s purpose in writing the “Rape of the Lock” is, as he tells us, to laugh at the “little,

unguarded follies of the female sex.” Stephen suggests that this laughter takes on a suspiciously patronizing tone towards woman which tends to become somewhat offensive. “Pope can be pungent,” he says, “but never can he be simply playful.” Perhaps he was of too sensitive a nature ever to be completely without prejudice. Be that as it may, the “Rape of the Lock” stands as a whole, I think, completely enjoyable, with no really serious taint of sentiment on the poet’s part to mar our delight in it.

From the year of the publication of the “Rape of the Lock,” which was Pope’s twenty-sixth year, we have to think of him as the recognized first poet of his age. The “Rape of the Lock” had been received with indulgent delight by a society in which Pope now moved as an acknowledged genius.

In 1717 this audience, eagerly awaiting some new evidence of Pope’s satiric wit, was astonished to witness the publication of two of his poems which struck an entirely different note—“Eloisa to Abelard,” and “Elegy on the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.” It is in these poems if anywhere that Pope approaches most closely the Romantic poets in passion and sensuous emotion.

Pope’s chief objection to the love-poetry of Donne had been that, in spite of its copious fancy and great reach of wit, yet “the softness, tenderness, and violence of passion, which the Ancients thought most proper for Love-verses, is wanting.” Pope attempts, in “Eloisa to Abelard,” to supply this lack.

In many ways he is magnificently successful. The poem is technically beautiful and there is exquisite control throughout. He gives evidence of an extraordinary psychological skill and greater sensibility than we had perhaps suspected:

“Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that
pray’r?

Sprung it from piety, or from despair?”

Apart from the beauty of the sensuous description and the skill of the psychological insight, however, there is, I think, in “Eloisa to Abelard” a certain artificiality, and lack of spontaneity that detracts somewhat from its total effect. Pope was perhaps not quite at home in the realms of passionate love-poetry — there seems to be something of an “I can do it” attitude which results in a certain strain. We are

led to suspect perhaps, on the part of the poet, an indiscreet and unworthy desire for sensationalism. It may well be that the desire to write "Eloisa to Abelard" marks an occasion on which Pope was, in fact "misled by the suggestions of his strangely irritable vanity."

"The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth," said Pope on one occasion. He seems to produce his most fascinating poetry, when, like a war-horse, he scents the blood of battle—"He could only breathe," says Gosse, "in an atmosphere of intrigue, and the physical excitement of danger." Both the "Dunciad" and the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" were written in a white heat of moral indignation—thus they are his truest and most scintillating satires.

"The Dunciad"—a progress of dullness, is an attack upon the bad poets of the age. Pope's satire is without doubt cruel at times and abusive, but he maintained that he was not attacking individual writers themselves but the "deity of Dulness itself incarnate in all the bad writers of the age." The work seems to be an enormous explosion of intense contempt for the whole mob of "stupid, thick-skinned scribblers," some of whom had attacked Pope in malignity. We feel a sort of pity here for the morbidly sensitive nature that was Pope's—lashing out frenziedly at his persecutors.

In the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" occur two of Pope's deadliest satiric portraits. His friendship with Addison had terminated some time before. In his portrait of Aticus Pope succeeds in painting the picture of an egotist and a coward—one who would strike always from behind; and

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer.

And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."

The attack on Lord Hervey, one of Pope's bitterest enemies, is much more deadly and direct because the provocation was much more intense. Pope reveals here his incomparable mastery of biting satiric allusion.

"This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er states, and beauty ne'er enjoys."

"Beauty that shocks you"—The meaning here is unmistakable and deadly. It is the portrait of a repulsively effeminate man.

Pope's use of alliteration and onomatopoeia

is tremendously effective. Such phrases as "stinks and stings," "spits himself abroad," "puns or politics," "spite or sweet" bear witness to this. The whole portrait mounts like a wave in intensity till it crashes upon the words:

"Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,

And he himself one vile antithesis."

In Pope's later works we see a deepening of moral seriousness, a consciousness of the responsibility and serious nature of his position. With Milton as his example, Pope wished to write in such a way as to fulfill the larger functions of poetry. Thus the "Essay on Man" is his attempt to compose a serious philosophical poem in the grand style. His purpose is, as he tells us, to "vindicate the ways of God to man"—to attempt to solve certain philosophical problems, especially the grand difficulty of reconciling the existence of evil with divine benevolence.

Pope's purpose is a noble one, but unfortunately his argument, though beautifully eloquent and convincing at times, reveals serious loop-holes and becomes bogged down at last in a mass of Deistic platitudes. We must remember that Pope had never studied formally any philosophy or theology—he seems to have accepted fragments of many different systems. Thus his reasoning often becomes confused and contradictory.

Pope's view is the Deist one which sees the proof of divine order in the vast harmony of the whole visible universe. Man's greatest happiness lies in a sort of rational contemplation of this divine harmony. Man's failure to achieve this happiness—his dissatisfaction with God's world, lies in his pride.

"Why charge we Heav'n in those in these acquit;

In both, to reason right is to submit."

It is Man's place to "stay put" in this divine order, to be conscious of his part in the great chain of being, the "one stupendous whole," and to observe this whole with "rational awe."

We can sense the complacency, the dullness, even the stagnation of such a philosophy as this, which does not even include its God as a part of the harmonious order, but sets Him apart from the world. There is bleakness and a lack of beauty in such an outlook.

The Deist philosophy, which is expressed

tersely in Pope's own words: "Whatever is, is right," throws into the background the darker side of the universe, the evils under which all creation groans, like war, vice, and disease. What of them? Pope and all Deists are hard put to explain them satisfactorily, and they end by adopting a certain colorless stoicism: the world is a harmonious balancing of opposing forces.

The great persuasiveness and sheer eloquence of Pope's style in the "Essay on Man" are undeniable. The power of charging his lines with great fullness and concentration of meaning enables him to soar for brief periods into genuine and impressive poetry.

It is interesting to note Dr. Samuel Johnson's terse and pungent criticism of the Essay: "Having vaulted himself into the chair of wisdom, Pope tells us much that every man knows and much that he does not know himself—that there is a chain of subordinate beings from infinite to nothing, of which himself and his readers are equally ignorant. Never was penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised."

In a final analysis of the poetry of Pope we must remember that he is writing for the wits. He aims at giving us the refined and doubly distilled essence of the conversation of the statesmen and courtiers of his time. The wits of Pope's time desired first of all "polish" in poetry—the perfectly turned phrase and the epigram easily quoted. These things have become outdated. In moral poetry we now demand a more refined analysis and more complex psychology than what Pope has to offer. However, we feel nothing but admiration for the unmatched craftsmanship with which Pope versified his moral observations—the exquisite skill which enabled him to discharge a function which was not of the highest kind with a perfection rare in any department of literature.

"He was a man of genius who brought to a task, not of the highest class, a keenness of sensibility, a conscientious desire to do his very best, and a capacity for taking pains with his work, which enabled him to be as undisputably the first in his own peculiar line, as our greatest men have been in far more lofty undertakings."

Cause and Effect

*I think I know the reason why
The world has vegetation;
If there were none, how could an Aggie
Get an education?*

*I think I know the reason for
Such things as girls and streams;
It's just to help the Engineers
Dream lovely little dreams.*

*I think I know the reason for
The man of many parts;
He can be nothing other than
A graduate of Arts.*

*I should divulge the reason why
This "poem" greets your face;
I wrote it in five minutes
Just to fill left-over space . . . !¹*

M.G.M.

¹Sucker!

Poartry

By HELEN SCURFIELD

AMONG the many remarkable contributions of seventeenth century artists to English poetry, one of the least appreciated is a short poem by George Herbert, entitled *The Altar*. In it the lines of the poem are made to conform to the shape of its subject, that is, the shape of an altar. I say it is poorly appreciated, not because its contents are unknown, but because I believe the great possibilities of his experiment have never been recognized.

For instance, just think how much bewilderment, work and argument would be rendered unnecessary if the *shape* of a work of modern poetry gave at least a clue as to its subject. To the poets, too, it would provide a whole new field. Doubtless it would soon become fashionable among them to develop their poems in the most obscure or fantastic shapes imaginable, in order to tax the intelligence and ingenuity of their readers. Just think what outlines Eliot could devise for *The Hollow Men*, or similar studies!

However, rather than conjecture on its unlimited possibilities, it is our intention here to present some concrete examples of this type of literary expression. It could be known as *Poartry*, in order to both acknowledge its resemblance to the pictorial medium and at the same time distinguish it from ordinary poetry.

I have used, of course, only the simplest examples of poartry in each of four common literary types. Thus, while acknowledging the great worth of the poarms that is inherent in their simplicity, the reader will be aware of the immense opportunities for variation which they imply.

* * *

The first example is that of a nature poet of the Christian tradition. By employing the medium of poartry the artist is not only relieved of the necessity of choosing a title, but also pro-

vided with a ready made beginning for his poarm, as we see in the opening line of his work. This poarm is also an excellent illustration of the possible future value of poartry to students, for those who had not had time to read the contents of their poetry courses before exams would at least be able to gain an idea of its subject matter by glancing at the pictures, or objects formed.

The stem
Of all —
Our misery,
and yet the

Fairest blossom, greenest leaf and
Sweetest fruit our orchards do beget:
The Apple hangs its blushing head, upon
The bough and there instead, as I look up
Pure Nature see-ravished by Man's depravity
Ah! sinless offering of the bounteous earth
Why must thou be the object of Man's curse?
Yet, in the confines of thy ruddy beauty
Remain all secrets: Life & Death & Duty
And therein is His Plan reveal-ed wider
For out of thy corruption, we make:
..... cider!

* * *

The second example, while that of a lesser poart, illustrates with delightful freshness the added clarity gained by satire through this medium. The enemy cannot fail to get the point.

ON THE SUBJECT OF THE GIRL
WHOSE EYES YOU HAVE COMMENDED

'Tis not
That I,
Deny —
her eye

Is like the sun; for tho' it's pale
It shines on all: all that is male.
And I'll admit it's blue—and free—

And fairly bright
As long as she—
Agreeth, too,
That she'll
keep her-
eye off
you
!

* * *

The next illustration is that of a modern poart, who is concerned with the problems of our age. He combines starkly realistic images with a similarly realistic, disillusioned outlook. His work also reveals a marked preoccupation with the problems of the equality and communal existence of Man. It is obvious that poartry adds force and clarity to his argument, while at the same time it combines in one image all three of his aforementioned characteristics:

LEVELS

Alas tho' Rousseau
Wrote of yore —
That Man was level
Like a floor ———
Instead I find that I can never be,
My teacher's comrade in geometry — !
And tho' I bisect L's till I'm dead
The prof'll always be a step ahead!
And so to French philosophy I would add the correction
Derived from sad experience and much mature reflection
That tho', as around exam time, we find it hard to bear,
Yet we're all only level with the level of our stair!

* * *

Finally, we have the poartry of the modern impressionistic school. Here, as was mentioned in the introduction, the great value of this medium lies in that it gives at least a semblance of form to the artist's thought and furnishes the reader, in most cases, with a starting point for its interpretation. In the following work it is also useful in supplying background information on the author, both as to location and state of mind. Like the first selection, it has also discovered in poartry an opportunity to dispense with a title.

What is life? Only a cocktail
Drunk in an instant: intoxic-
icating, then going flat:
Leaving a bad taste — &
Headache; leaving U—
Reeling — confused
Unable to tell —
Destination —
Man's life:
seething
frothing
spilling
staining
bubbling
spinning
blurring
rippling
dropping
A cocktail glass
Shattered in an instant.

* * *

With the evidence of these great new works before them no one will be able to deny that the future of today's art lies in Poartry.

City of Brotherly Love

By BATYA FAERMAN

A RING of the front doorbell broke the drowsy Sunday morning quiet of the Berman household. White-haired Mrs. Berman, who had been bustling about the kitchen, now cheerfully bustled her way to the front door. With typical generosity of motion, she flung the door wide open and uttered a whoop of delight.

"Hello poopsie!"

And "poopsie" was accordingly engulfed in the outstretched arms of the effusive Mrs. Berman.

Mr. Berman, seated at breakfast in the other room, was sufficiently aroused by the outburst to peer inquisitively out at the object of his wife's affections. A warm smile lighted up his dried-apple face. Suddenly in high spirits, he shouted, "Come in, Mamie!"

Mamie hesitantly followed the portly Mrs. Berman into the breakfast room. One of Mamie's hands reassuringly patted her almost shapeless black hat with the world-weary brim drooping limply over her forehead. Her black face revealed little sign of her past seventy years of living, except that it was framed by frizzy grey hair, tucked neatly under the ancient hat. Mamie's slight figure seemed to bely the "Mammy" myth to which colored domestics were expected to conform. Mamie's successor in the Berman home was even thinner and had justly earned herself the nickname of "Skinny Minnie." Mrs. Berman was well-pleased with "Skinny Minnie," but just the same, she thought, it wasn't the same as having Mamie around.

Mamie dropped into a chair in the corner of the room, as though not daring to bask in the warmth of the Berman's smiles.

"Mamie, I bet you're hungry, have something to eat with us," offered Mr. Berman but without success. Mrs. Berman looked gravely concerned, as she always did when food was refused. She knew it was no use arguing with Mamie.

Mamie, finding herself the target of a volley of questions, sat through the ensuing conversa-

tion with apologetic uneasiness. It was with visible relief that she succeeded in turning the conversation back upon the Bermans.

"How's Miz' Ann?" she ventured.

Ann was the youngest of the three Bermans Mamie had helped to raise in the course of thirty years. Having received multiple assurances that Ann was "fine," her husband "fine" and her children "fine," Mamie voiced her delight in her usual expressive sing-song: "Mmmmmm—Mm!"

"And Phyllis has a summer home in Long Island where she stays with the children a whole summer."

"My, *My!*" Mamie was highly gratified. "And Mister Harvey?" she asked.

"Oh, Harvey has a wonderful law practice."

"Mmmmmm—Mm!" Mamie sat wide-eyed and impressed. "Mr. Harvey's grown up and doin' what I always hoped for him, Miz' Berman. It's just grand!" Yet a darkly troubled look crossed Mamie's face.

"For goodness sakes, Mamie, what's the matter?" asked the puzzled Mr. Berman. He remembered the last time Mamie had looked that way, years ago.

When Mamie first came to work at the Berman's, she was still supporting Frank, her adopted son. She had no one in the world except Frank. The boy left school to find work but he found himself in the midst of a depression—and no work. The sudden change which came over Mamie worried and mystified the kindly Bermans.

One day Mr. Berman asked her point-blank, as he saw her absent-mindedly dusting the piano.

"For goodness sakes Mamie, what's the matter?" Mamie had burst into tears. Everything was the matter. She was frantic because Frank had no work and he was beginning to drink. The two of them couldn't live much longer on her meagre savings. Mr. Berman, though far from resembling a fairy godmother, was of consider-

able assistance then. He found Frank a job as caretaker of the parochial school, which was Mr. Berman's pride and joy. Mamie's terror seemed to vanish overnight and once more she moved about the house, "the same old Mamie."

Now some old skinflint on the Board of School Directors was making trouble for Frank. He strongly recommended a new caretaker, someone who could serve as carpenter and handy man, besides cleaning the place. That way they would save on broken chairs and scraped woodwork. Having sniffed out what was brewing, Frank began to worry and Mamie was troubled once more. She had to ask Mr. Berman about this. She finally blurted it out, "Mr. Berman, is Frank goin' to keep his job?" Mr. Berman pushed away his tea-cup and launched into the lurid details of the Board of Directors' meeting. He was fighting mad now. Mamie listened anxiously while her champion, with wildly-waving spectacles, quickly disposed of the nasty little Director who threatened Frank's livelihood.

"And I told him, Mamie, that Frank is going

to stay and that's all there is to it! He does a good job and we don't need no carpenters. Carpenters I'll pay for myself! No sir, Mamie, Frank isn't going to lose his job."

Mamie looked as if she were ready to die for Mr. Berman but all her gratitude found expression in a slightly more ecstatic "Mmmmm—*Mm!*" Ain't that grand!" she said, very softly.

Mrs. Berman, who had relived her husband's Battle of the Board as he narrated it, emerged looking altogether triumphant, as though it were a personal victory.

... When Mamie took leave of the Bermans, she walked serenely to the door, glancing about the room as she went, noting the pictures of "the children" still perched on the piano. Mr. and Mrs. Berman followed her to the door, and watched the tiny figure in the floppy black hat move down the porch stairs and recede into the distance.

Mrs. Berman turned to her husband somewhat pensively. "She sure looks good for her age, that Mamie."

AT HOME IN THE WORLD

The Cosmopolitan

By MARTA KRUUNER

A COSMOPOLITAN! . . . Who is this individual? According to modern interpretation he is someone feeling at home all over the world—someone not limited to one part of the social, political, commercial, or intellectual arena—completely free from local, provincial, or national ideas, prejudices or attachments.

To attain this state of mind one has to know his fellowman and to know himself—he has to be capable of deep human relationships, and moreover he has to have integrity. Possessing these qualities he would be a part of what might be termed an intellectual aristocracy of the "sensitive, considerate, and plucky." This is the man capable of experiencing what Plato calls, "The greatest human joy—the joy of understanding."

Do people, with this state of mind, exist in our contemporary world—in the "Age of the Com-

mon Man," as Joseph Wood Krutch calls it? They most certainly do, but not under such a name; neither are their excellent qualities noticed, nor their activities valued as a dynamic force in the evolution of our Western culture. The average, common man sees the cosmopolitan as an abnormal, strange, uncommon and queer kind of a person—an unenviable one—driven into the exile by the tyranny of the average. They are a lonely minority. It is sad. The fact that they are a lonely minority is a threat to our civilization. Why are they excluded? What are the dangers involved?

To answer these questions it is necessary to examine our "cult of mediocrity." There are several reasons why our common man inclines to avoid the uncommon. First, not being able to understand something, he will not make an effort to search for a meaning, but rather keep

away from it. He is comfortable—too content and too satisfied with himself; passivity rather than activity being encouraged. From kindergarten on he has lived under the yoke of conformity—the concept “normality” being the fixed standard; the concept “excellence” losing its power. It is not important how one ought to behave, but how most people do behave; and a book, movie, painting or a piece of music is not estimated for its aesthetic value, but according to the mass appeal. It is easier for the average man to float with the stream he is in, than to struggle against it, which demands that effort and risks be taken. He might lose the favor and support of the society in which he lives. In future he might have no pull which helped him before. He has to be strong—he has to have faith in himself and a strong conviction. Only so can he follow his conscience—what the renaissance man called the “virtu”—the desire for complete self-expression.

New Associations

On the other hand the mediocre man is afraid to associate with someone different because of the intellectual insecurity he would have outside his common circles. He would have to cope with circumstances and conditions foreign to what Adler calls this “style of life.” The change is difficult for him psychologically, because to change he has to learn new ways of ego-enhancement, the old ways not being useful any longer. Assuming the average man becomes capable of a closer relationship with someone above his level; and so suddenly through haze he gets glimpses of a different kind of life and way of living—he comes to feel as if he knew himself better; he will experience for the first time just the beginning of the feeling of “divine dissatisfaction”—a feeling foreign to the “cult of mediocrity.” Having experienced just a beginning of this feeling he will be shocked by the strangeness of it; he will stubbornly fight against it, suppress it, and finally escape it. He is weak and afraid to make an effort. He does not have what the Germans call “The ever searching soul of man,” embodied so superbly in Goethe’s creation—Faust.

Thirdly, I know, there are men and women who feel the emptiness and purposelessness under the “tyranny of conformity,” who just by a little push would transcend the limits, but do

not have the opportunity, being tied down too much by the material side of life and to their same every day hum-drum; here I mean the spending of their time of leisure, nowadays much longer than it used to be, rather than the hours of work. John Stuart Mill expressed it so well a century ago: “Capacity for the nobler feeling is in most natures a very tender plant . . . Men lose their high aspirations as they lose their intellectual tastes, because they have not time nor opportunity for indulging them; and they addict themselves to inferior pleasures, not because they deliberately prefer them, but because they are the only ones which they are any longer capable of enjoying.”

Wasted Leisure

One could illustrate this statement by the aspects of the society we live in; by the activities that take place in the homes, at work, on the street, in the schools, and in the universities. To see the waste of the hours of leisure one only needs to attend an average cocktail party. There one immediately feels an atmosphere of emptiness and futility although the rooms may be filled with people. Usually they stand or sit in little groups, often the sexes isolated, either silent or engaged in a studied and somehow outworn repartee, from time to time sipping the precious “elixir” and then appearing very cocksure of themselves. And if accidentally someone different appears and upsets the applecart by his or her enthusiasm unfamiliar to the group, one can feel the sidelong glances and the discomfort he has caused.

The fact that there exists in our society today a lonely minority and that the “cult of mediocrity” inclines to exclude it, is a handicap to the development of our culture to the fullest. The mediocre state of mind is a threat to our society because it prevents the intellectual growth of our young—who are the future highlights and carriers of our culture—and to the most perfect state of mind they are potentially capable of achieving.

In conclusion, one would suggest that to actualize the potentiality in every man it is important that the “cult of mediocrity” be transcended as a standard. The desire for excellence should be given a full freedom. Variety, change and the unpredictable, the dynamic forces in every culture, should be the ideal.

Lacerations of a Lecture

By GLEN MacKENZIE

WHAT is a lecture?

This query poses problems. We know that lectures are of three types: those that are heard, those that are tolerated, and those that are skipped. Which is most common?

Actually, I hesitate to commit myself. If I mention one type, the students will disagree, while if I mention another, the professors will disagree.

The only solution, methinks, is to secure a cross-section of opinion. The question I shall ask is this: "What is your opinion of a lecture?"

A. Transit, Engineering XI: "It depends on whether there're girls in the class."

John Moose, Agriculture IV: "Wal now, in mah opinion, lectures have to grow on you."

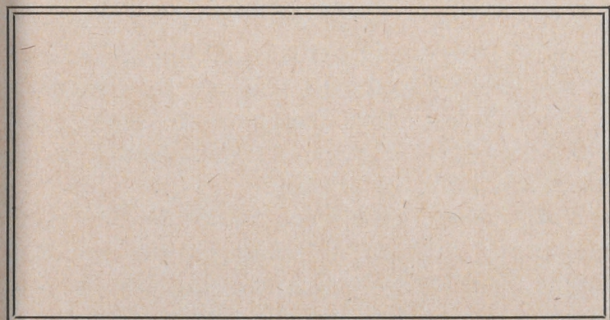
Miss Annie Elmley, Home Ec. II: "If I say too much, I might find myself in the soup."

Albert E. Beerstein, Science IV: "About all I can say is, they're usually either acidulous or alkaline."

H. I. Jay, Arts III: "What lecture?"

Although the canvass system is most enlightening, however, the best method for outlining the lecture to the layman is to present a diagnostic diagram. (Note: The one below is based on data from a nation-wide poll of more than 1,500 wise Canadian housewives, who conclusively, it is obvious, insist on using new "Daft" in the small economy package for their hairwashing and painting needs.)

GRAPHICAL REPRESENTATION OF A TYPICAL LECTURE (Simplified)



The above diagram is self-explanatory.

One interesting aspect of lectures is their effect upon the students who must sit through them. A remarkable study in this field was made recently by a noted ornithologist, Xonophon Xopp, who carries on his untiring efforts in one of the larger research centres in Lower Slobbovia. Using a test group of some 739 students, Xopp conducted experiments in which he incorporated an ingenious basic scale calculated to measure within .00000001 of a milligram the general student reaction to a lecture.

The scale made it possible to record feeling falling into this range: avidly agog, enthusiastic, interested, listening, indifferent, bored, disgusted, groggy, and asleep. Wires attached to the right ears of the subjects were connected with an atomic device involving considerable paraphernalia, among other things.

After taxing trials encompassing 8½ years, the following typical results were remarked . . . At the beginning of the lecture, 94.1% of the students were more than interested. After ten minutes however, 95% dropped through the listening stage to just below indifferent. There then followed quite a rapid drop, from bored to disgusted to groggy, until at the 15-minute mark, most students registered groggy plus. A slow decline during the next few minutes ended with the first snore at 21 minutes, six seconds. From then on, 97% alternated between sleep and greatly groggy periods, and from the 39th minute to the 45th, complete unconsciousness was catalogued.

By the 46th, though, .02% showed signs of awakening . . . and then, at the 48th, a rapid rise occurred, reaching the enthusiastic level at 49 minutes. 100% of the test group were found to be, at the final gun (or bell, that is), avidly agog.

It is felt in many circles that Xopp's work will have wide repercussions.

But this sizable topic will bear further critical comment, by way of an expert exposition of a lecture . . . its beginnings, its romantic history,

its progress through disaster and tribulation, and its final triumphant victory; for I feel that only as we know the past life of a lecture can we really understand what it is.

The lecture originated, so we are told, in the caves of the earliest of cave men (in round numbers, round 2,832,476,531 B.C.). Standing in the bright, steady glow of a newfangled bear-fat candle, our cave man, whom I shall call, for simplicity's sake, Christopherothchilirotempussamulcio (Rottempuss for short), raised his club in silence and, before a thrilled and expectant audience, composed of two young men and a wild hog, uttered the speech that was to be the historic first lecture: "Ugh."

The response was devastating. For, after a few moments careful thought, one of the more intelligent students took issue with Rottempuss and, in an hour-long spiel which was the historic first student participation at a lecture roared: "Ugh?"

Some theories have been suggested that the student in question was ejected for creating a demonstration.

The lecture advanced by leaps and bounds. By the year 2,000,000,000 B.C., a lecturer's vocabulary had become refined and expansive, brimming with adjectives, adverbs, and often verbs. For example, one of the foremost professors of the day was noted for his side-splitting statement: "Ugh Ugh Ugh Ugh Ugh" . . . to which he added, for emphasis, "Ugh!"

The heart-warming romance of the lecture is far too extensive for all events to be included in one short article. Suffice it to say that the next great milestone occurred several millions of years later. It was at this time, about 1,350,000,000 B.C., that the fifty-minute lecture was instituted. The story relating how it came about is poignant. The original lecture duration was scheduled for one hour . . . but, an unforeseen circumstance changed all that, and future generations have benefited from it . . . the professor's sundial was running fast. (Only a two-jewel movement of course.)

Nevertheless, ever since that time, students have *demande*d a fifty-minute lecture.

Co-education commenced in 1,300,000,000 B.C., when one senior student dragged his girl into the lecture room by the hair. This first coed became so absorbed in the lecture that she remained throughout the *entire period*; and, the

next day, complete with chisel and stone slate, she allowed herself to be dragged in without a fight.

The lecture has not gone without its disappointments and stumbling blocks. Even back in the days of Rottempuss, caves were often found to be so acoustically atrocious that whole periods had to be cancelled. Sometimes mountain lions caused a disturbance by eating the professor. At others, the professor caused an even greater stir by eating the mountain lions.

It was in 1,000,000,000 B.C., through, that the lecture received one of its rudest jolts. Four students had **SKIPPED** a lecture. It was not for several hours that the culprits were found out . . . they had a bridge game going in the Common cave.

At one time, a few years later, one student smuggled a cigarette (tailor-made) into class. It was not long before each succeeding lecture was enveloped in haze from the fourth minute on. Eventually, the smoke got so dense that the student could not see his hieroglyphiced papyrus before him, and neither could the professor. *From that moment*, smoking in class was banned.

Early lectures ran into other difficulties, as well. History books have not recorded a more crucial crisis than the great Student Strike of 200,000,000 B.C. The students, in caves throughout the world, rose up en masse, with stone banners raised high, proclaiming *We Want Fluorescent Lighting in our Caves*. This seemed to the professors to be a rather unreasonable request, since electricity was yet to be invented . . . and they told the students so. But the striking pupils would have none of it, declaring that in the dimly-lit classrooms they attended it was impossible to do better than scrawl on their scrolls. After considerable collective bargaining, both parties were able to reach a mutually satisfactory mediation, whereby, since fluorescent lights could not be secured, it was decided to install ordinary light bulbs.

Nevertheless, the damage had been done. Ever since that occasion, student lecture notes have been difficult to read.

Many other trails were blazed by the early pioneering students, to whom we owe much. I might mention, by way of leaving this particular topic, two of the more significant trails so blazed. It was the seventh lecture delivered by

our initial professor that first lulled a student into deep sleep. In that lecture, Chris uttered a particularly dry "Ugh." And it was in 1,500,000,000 B.C. that a student for the first time began to feel his bench of boulders somewhat hard beneath him.

Well, these facts (and I say "facts" because some may be falsely accused by a few ignomi-

nious persons of not being entirely historically accurate) are presented here that we may understand the lecture in all its assorted aspects. Such is its touching tale. For, despite all the tribulations encountered by the lecture, from its ancient origination down to the present day, it has been able to survive—and even (in most cases)—to progress . . . !

Winter

*The world held fast by the winter's cold
Is like a diamond, hard and pure;
The rocks, the swamps, each leafless tree
All lifeless are, and stand so bold
Against the snow—they will thus endure
Till spring's soft breezes set them free.*

*The colors, too, are jewel-like,
Pale—but with dormant fire,
They glow for an instant, then fade again
As if extinguished by cold, but then
They return, for these lights never tire.*

*They say the world is dead
Who do not know her well,
That no life anywhere is found
Upon the stiff and frozen ground,
A sort of arctic hell.*

*But in the sky the stars appear,
Those far-off sparks of fire so clear,
Lighting the frigid planet with their rainbow
glow;
As if all summer's warmth and light
Was stored in them to shine each night
Until the pallid sun can melt the bonds of ice
and snow.*

—WILDA REYNOLDS.

Unification of Europe

By DOUGLAS LAUHLAN

THE concept of a unified Europe is far from new. Great thinkers from the time of Dante have pointed to Europe's divisions as the cause of all our ills. One Europe has been the dream not only of those of poetic imagination, but men concerned with the administration of national affairs, like the Duc de Sully, have presented proposals to that end. But in spite of this interest and in spite of the genuine belief in the cause displayed by so many prominent men, since the lifetime of the great Italian poet, Europe has achieved a semblance of unity only twice: beneath the might of the Great Army of Napoleon and under the heel of Adolf Hitler.

The two disastrous wars of the Twentieth Century have added their mute voices to the appeal to Europeans to unite. After the war of 1914-18, the hopes of Europe with those of the rest of the world were anchored in the League of Nations. But while the peace of Europe was linked with the maintenance of global peace, the desire to construct a united Europe grew. The Pan-European Union movement spread the gospel of one Europe during the Twenties and Thirties. One of the most significant movements in the direction of union was launched by M. Aristide Briand in his famous memorandum of 1930. He suggested several fields in which the nations of Europe should attempt cooperation. He also put forward three principles: the primacy of political problems, respect for national sovereignty, and recognition of the need of some sort of European economic rapprochement as the bases of any discussion of union. The European nations belonging to the League (and Russia and Turkey) met to discuss the memorandum but the problems of the Great depression temporarily deadened interest in international cooperation.

At the conclusion of the Second World War, the cause of European union again came to the fore. Europeans of all ranks took up the banner enthusiastically, even desperately, as the only

means of reviving their broken continent. The ravaged continent faced economic disaster. It was confronted with a gigantic reconstruction task without the means to achieve it. Through increased American aid, at first peace meal and then through the Marshall Plan, the nations of Europe were able to tackle their reconstruction problems, but the dollar gap remains one of the fundamental economic problems. But the economic losses of Europe were not simply due to the devastation of war. There was accelerated the movement by which the relative strength of Europe was being eclipsed by that of the Soviet Union and even more, the United States of America. The nations of western Europe are no longer the creditors for the rest of the world. Rather, they find themselves in debt to a greater or lesser degree to the North American continent. Their position is made worse by the fact that they were forced to use much of their foreign investment capital to pay for war materials. The markets of eastern Europe, formerly dominated by the manufactured products of western Europe, have been lost due to the extension of Russian hegemony. The former flourishing carrying trade of those European nations on the Atlantic seaboard has greatly diminished due to the irreparable wartime loss of shipping and the growing importance of the United States Maritime fleet. Added to these difficulties is the fact that to regain a portion of the world market in the face of American competition the nations of western Europe must raise their efficiency standards and productivity by the institutions of technological improvements which they singly cannot afford.

Supporters of unification of western Europe point to union as an essential step in the alleviation of the dollar gap and cure some of the deep seated causes of the economic distress. The breaking of trade barriers and the creation of one market through unification are regarded as vital. The elimination of inefficient industries

and a general modernization would be possible for a government with the great resources of western Europe at its disposal. Though a unified Europe might not be an economic cure-all, it is a fundamental step towards a real recovery.

The United States has not been unconcerned about the movement towards union. No nation has more to gain by a strong western Europe than the U.S.A. A Europe which is no longer a drain on her resources would be welcomed. The United States, particularly through the good offices of Paul Hoffman as E.R.P. Administrator and General Eisenhower as SHAPE Commander, has brought considerable pressure to bear upon the governments of western Europe to speed the program of unification.

The external and internal pressure of Communism has lent a great impetus to the unification movement. Russia's overbearing military might in Europe has strengthened the union cause as a means of restoring something of a balance of power in Europe. Along with the armed might of Russia, the workings of the Community party, especially in France and Italy, have provided ammunition for the forces of unification. The fact that in the elections of 1951, the Communist party polled 26 per cent of the vote in France and 37 per cent in Italy is an indication of Red strength in two of the key nations in western Europe.

There are five main sources of strength of the Communist movement in western Europe. First of all, due to the failure of the Socialist and Christian Democratic parties, Communism has become the rallying point for the historic European lift. Secondly, the Communist party has capitalized on the postwar economic difficulties in Europe. Thirdly, because of the multi-party system and the consequent necessity of inefficient and compromising coalition government, the Communists have been able to parade themselves as the only party to get things done. Though the cost of Communist efficiency is well known, millions of voters are willing to pay it. In the fourth place, the Communist parties in France and Italy have been able to capitalize on the preponderance of Russian military power in Europe. They have been able to "peddle peace against a backdrop of guns." The fifth reason, unfortunate but nevertheless real, is the anti-American feeling of the people of western Europe.

A unified western Europe is regarded as a means of eradicating all five of these evils upon which Communism feeds. The ideal of union is as challenging to radicals as anything Communism can offer. The economic benefits of a united western Europe are apparent. It is hoped (a hope which is perhaps optimistic) in the large unity some of the National party differences can be eliminated. The defence advantages of union are most apparent. And last but not least, a united Europe free from American influence would be a source of strength to all anti-Communist forces.

Finally, the supporters of western European union maintain that it is the only possible way to deal with the German problem. The only way to avoid the predominance of Germany is to Europeanize her. A discussion of the particular questions posed by Germany is the task of another paper. Suffice it to say, Germany is the key, or the thorn in the flesh of a unified western Europe.

The need being admitted, statesmen and planners of western Europe have, in the main, taken two approaches to the problem. Let us call them for the sake of discussion, the functional and the constitutional. The constitutional approach as represented by the leaders of France, Belgium, and Italy emphasizes the necessity of a political authority over the growing international organs for defence and economic co-operation. The functional approach as advocated in Britain, the Scandinavian countries, and the Netherlands emphasizes the value of limited cooperation in specific fields. Not only is the picture clouded by these two fundamental differences of approach, but it is further complicated by demands placed on Europe's resources by the twin necessities — economic consolidation and expansion, and defence. The two different attitudes and the two spheres of emphasis are reflected in the organizations for international cooperation which are functioning in western Europe today.

The Marshall Plan gave rise to one of the most significant national organizations functioning in Europe today. The Organization of European Economic Cooperation, O.E.E.C., set up in 1949, is the European organization through which all funds under the Marshall Plan and M.S.A. are funnelled. OEEC embraces all those nations included in the ERP. The supreme coun-

cil, composed of representatives of each nation, is the fundamental group in the organization. Under its jurisdiction are (1) a seven member executive council to which can be added representatives from any nation whose officers are under discussion and (2) a permanent secretariat under M. Margolin and (3) several technical committees carrying on studies in chemical products, coal, electricity, foods and agriculture, inland transport, iron and steel, machinery, non-ferrous metals, oil, timber, overseas territory, and tourism and trade.

The achievements of OEEC have been substantial. The mediation of the national demands upon and solution of many problems in connection with Marshall Aid have been of momentous achievement. The establishment of a European credit plan in 1948 and the revision of that plan in 1949 are also to the credit of OEEC. The organization has also brought successful pressure to bear upon the nations of western Europe to lift some of the quantitative restrictions on trade.

As the nations of western Europe were uniting to administer Marshall Aid, they were at the same time banding themselves together for their common defence. In March 1948, Britain and France joined the Benelux nations in signing the Brussels Mutual Security Pact. The Consultative Council, composed of the five Foreign Ministers, meeting every three months, is the high authority of the Pact. The Pact also set up a permanent commission and secretariat in London and a permanent Joint Defence Staff Organization under Montgomery at Fontainebleau. The Brussels Treaty has been supplemented by the North Atlantic Treaty and the later European Defence Community Pact.

But the great aim of the supporters of unification is a United States of Europe. In his famous Zurich speech of September 1946, Mr. Churchill acted as a key noter for the post-war unification movement. He frankly called for the creation of a United States of Europe and to that end suggested a Council of Europe be set up as a first step. He realistically stated, "The first step in the recreation of the European family must be partnership between France and Germany." "There can be no revival of Europe without a spiritually great France and a spiritually great Germany."

The movement towards a political federation

as reflected in the words of such prominent statesmen as Mr. Churchill and Mr. Ernest Bevin, in such organizations as the British and French United Europe movements, the Federalists, the Independent League, the International Society of the United Socialist States of Europe and the European Parliamentary Union, and in the resolutions of the Hague Congress in 1948, made a substantial gain by the creation of the Council of Europe in 1949. By this statute, the governments of Belgium, Denmark, France, and the Irish Republic, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, and the United Kingdom affirmed their intention to achieve a greater degree of union for their mutual safety, their economic well-being and to preserve their cultural heritage. The Council has three organs: the Committee of Ministers, the Consultative Assembly, and a Secretariat. The Committee of Ministers, composed of the foreign ministers of each member nation, is the most important organ of the Council. It alone can make binding decisions, but these are subject to the will of those nations who are represented. The Consultative Assembly has no real power. It can make recommendations to the committee, but apart from that its importance lies in its role as a sounding board for European opinion. Though the Council of Europe is certainly not a super-national authority, it is a real though cautious beginning.

On August 10th of this year, the first really supra-national organization in Europe began to function. On that day, Jean Monnet presided over the first session of the high authority of the coal-steel pool. Participating in the Schuman Plan are the Benelux nations, Italy, Germany and France. The plan is administered by a high authority of eight men under the chairmanship of M. Monnet, which has been given authority over all the coal and steel resources of the participating nations. This executive is responsible not to the national governments but to a Consultative Assembly whose members are appointed by the respective governments. A Court of Justice has also been set up in connection with the plan to preside over all legal disputes arising out of the pool. The High Authority has set February 10, 1953, as the deadline for the creation of an integrated coal market and April 20, 1953, as the date for steel; but the coal-steel community is really

just the beginning of the plan. It is hoped that transportation will be next, then the chemical, mechanical, and textile industries leading to a European budget by 1959 and a European monetary unit by 1960. It is believed that integration will result in a sharp rise in productivity in all fields.

The real aim of the Schuman Plan is political union, not just economic cooperation. The Consultative Assembly has been given the task of drafting a constitution for a federation of the six cooperating powers. This is at present the most important single development in the movement towards a Federal Europe.

Both the political and economic aims of the Schuman Plan must be achieved over great difficulties. France and Germany are the key nations in the plan and each nation entered it with largely different aims in view. Since the French could not really compete with Germany in coal and steel, it was to her advantage to co-operate. The French generally regard a united Europe as the only insurance against a resurgent and dominant Germany. The Germans, on the other hand, were willing to accept the limitations of the Schuman Plan as a means of ridding themselves of the more stringent international control over their economy. The plan is also regarded by most Germans as a great step towards a complete return of sovereignty. The solution to the whole complicated question of the Saar is fundamental to the success of the plan. The Benelux nations are far from happy about France-German domination and would welcome British participation. The fact that American pressure was so evident in bringing the plan to fruition, speaks worlds in itself.

Britain has elected to remain aloof from the Schuman Plan. She has consistently shied away from a constitutional approach to union and has rather favoured a loose association such as the Council of Europe and closer cooperation on specific projects. While they are firm supporters of a federal Europe, both major British parties prefer to think in transatlantic rather than more exclusively European terms. Britain's economic, political, and cultural ties with the commonwealth, and her position as banker to the sterling area, have made her all the more reluctant to make any constitutional commitments in Europe. Although Britain has stood apart from the Schuman Plan, Mr. Eden has

suggested that some liaison between the respective assemblies of the Council of Europe and the Schuman Plan be set up in order that the now Schumanized members of the Council may keep posted on and perhaps contribute to the movement towards political federation in the coal-steel community.

One final organization to which we must direct our attention is the European Defence Community. At the Lisbon Conference of the North Atlantic Treaty powers in February of this year, the question of the rearmament of Germany was the great issue facing the assembled statesmen. As a result of their positive decision on this question, a treaty to end the occupation of western Germany was drafted and the E.D.C. pact was signed (though not yet ratified by all nations affected). The European Defence Community is composed of the Schuman Plan nations, in fact the Assembly and Court are used by both organizations. The Defence Commission is the most important organ set up by the E.D.C. Pact. It is charged with making plans for production and it shares political control with the national governments. The executive, composed of the foreign ministers, makes all policy decisions. The Army, according to original plans, was supposed to reach a strength of 43 divisions by the end of 1954, 14 of which were to be supplied by France and 12 by Germany. The whole force is to be under SHAPE command.

The creation of the European defence community is a further impetus for a federal union of the Schuman Plan nations. If the nations are economically unified and one in defence, it will soon prove necessary to provide some political authority over the organs which deal with those two important undertakings. France is particularly anxious for the creation of an overall political authority. Because of the drain on French forces of the struggle in Indo-China, western Germany would be the strongest nation in E.D.C. The preponderant military power of Germany makes all the more necessary to France the creation of an overall political authority.

The state of the union at the present time largely depends upon the action of the Schuman Plan nations. The Scandinavian nations are negotiating for economic cooperation among themselves and with Britain, while Britain seems to

be awaiting new developments. But within the coal-steel community, plans for political union are going forward just as fast as M. Schuman can hurry them. In the whole movement towards a United States of Europe, Germany remains the key. The whole question of the division of Germany, the knotty problems of Franco-German relations, especially the Saar, the questionable strength of Dr. Adenauer's coalition government are all part and parcel; are indeed the heart of the many problems associated with federation.

Britain's position remains uncertain. It is quite possible, as Schreiber suggests, if the newly elected Republican administration of the United States follows a higher tariff policy, Britain will look closer and closer to Europe. Although a participating Great Britain would greatly strengthen any European federation, higher American tariffs would be a stiff price to pay.

The fundamental basis for trans-Atlantic cooperation is at present defence. Mr. Stalin's latest pronouncement on an impending rift in the western camp has interesting ramifications in this area. The fact that the announcement is meant primarily for home consumption raises the possibility that Russian policy in the future might be dominated by a wait and see attitude. If this is the case, the present emphasis on defence in western Europe might be somewhat extreme. Europeans, as Schuman suggests in an article in the September 30th edition of the *Reporter*, though admitting the necessity of defence, are more and more coming to give priority to economic stability.

The question of European economic stability is once again a trans-Atlantic problem. Even a united Europe, under present circumstances, would face the possibility of a permanent dollar deficit. America cannot subsidize indefinitely and at any rate subsidization is a stop gap rather than a cure. Europe needs trade, not aid. There are three possibilities for increased European trade. First of all, a reduction of the United States tariff structure and vastly increased American imports from Europe. This development would be miraculous to say the least. Secondly, trade with the East. Although this is definitely feasible, the present international situation makes western Europe reluctant to direct a great deal of her trade in this direction. Thirdly, as has been suggested in many quarters, there is the possibility of the creation of a closed economic system including western Europe and the British Commonwealth — the creation of a third force between Russia and America.

The growing third force movement provides a strong impetus for European Union. An America-free Europe is much desired by many Europeans. Whether it is a desirable development or not is another question. Europe is not willing to make a commitment to the U.S. for better or for worse. If a united Europe is to live and grow in a close relationship with the United States, America must be prepared to adopt a policy consistent with her position as the greatest creditor and greatest producer in the world — namely, two-way trade. This is the only possible basis for a closely knit North Atlantic community.

Two Poetic Masterpieces

By William Dixon

*Sitting 'mid library tables and books,
Dry the pages, dry the walls,
Thirsting he turns with yearning looks
To behold a vision moist as the Falls;
"And then his heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."*

*Is it bad for divines to be so human,
To appreciate the beauties of a woman?
For after all, there is no other
That reminds me so of mother.*

If you can't make anything out of this, don't worry. Neither can we — ED. (P.S. Furthermore, neither can Dixon — ED.).

Romeo and Juliet

OXFUR & LAMEBRIDGE EDITION

TEXT WITH NOTES

EDITOR—DAVID BLOSTEIN

PREFACE:

While browsing over **ROMEO AND JULIET** late one mid-December night, it came to the mind of the editor to probe at the essence of Shakespeare. He came to the conclusion that the old boy really had something, but just wasn't quite up to the job. The immortal bard quite obviously had a complete ignorance of English grammar, and had such a limited vocabulary that he was forced to use verbs as nouns, adverbs as adjectives, etc.

Therefore the editor felt it his duty to mankind to act, as it were, as a strong, friendly shoulder for the Swan to rest his weary, empty head on, and to present to the modern public a version which would be both intelligent and intelligible.

ENTER CHORUS

CHOR. There's dese two gangs wit' equal nice brass knuckles
What lived in fair Corona — smoky city —
They start a gripe, and hitch up belts and buckles
To cook each other's gooses nice and pretty.
From forth the hangouts of these fightin' mobs
A pair of crossed-up lovers comes to view,
The story of which, we, with many sobs,
Do condescend to pass on now to you,
And all of this will be your heritage
When we have cleared the traffic from the stage.

Alike in dignity.

EXIT CHORUS (to "*Gaieté Parisienne*").

SCENE I — *Duke's Drugstore — Kids sitting around sipping sodas — boys in strides, etc.; girls in strides, etc.*

Enter MONTY MONTAGUE — *welcomed by shouts of "Here's Monty," etc.*

Enter CAPPY CAPULET — *similarly welcomed.*

CAP. Hey, yer standin' in fronna me way — move.

MONTY. Ya gonna make me?

CAP. Yeah.

MONTY. Yeah?

CAP. Yeah —

(and similar show of courage).

Enter DUKE — *in apron, from kitchen, wearing gloves.*

Kitchen mittens.

DUKE Awright, awready, break it up, break it up. Always youse two guys mixin' it up in my pharmaceutical establishment. Now, I'm passin' out de woid. Next time youse mobs creates a row — somebody's gonna get — trowed out.

Exit DUKE — *roundly hissed.*

Enter ROMEO and BENNY BENVOLIO

KID Hey Romeo, ya hear the news?

(and while conversation proceeds)

Enter CHORUS

CHOR. In Monty's gang, dere's dis guy name of Romeo
 Who's got a crush on dis here Rosie, see;
 So his pal Benny tells him, an' I quote-to-yo',
 "Dere's plenty nicer-lookin' dolls than she.
 Now Cappy's havin' a *shindig* on at Duke's
 Dis Sattiday, and it'll be quite cozy.
 Let's me an' you go there and take some looks
 At other dames wit' better pans than Rosie."
 So Sattiday the two friends take and go out
 To attend the aforementioned blowout.

Hep-Hop

SCENE II — Duke's —————

Enter JULIET, in strides, etc., etc. — dance begins.

Enter ROMEO and BENNY, with sunglasses.

ROM. Benny, what dame is dat, which dot' enrich the mit of yonder jerk?

BEN How'm I supposed to know?

ROM. O!

With deep emotion

I bet she loins de neon signs to shine
 The way her eyes are floatin' in the brine
 Like lovely bubbles in an *Ethiope's* beer,
 When this dance stops, I warn ya, just stay clear —
 'Cause here's a bet I'm layin' money on —
 Upon that lovely dish I'm really gone.

Native of Greenland

Crazy, man, crazy

(He goes to Juliet and talks to her).

COBALT I'll lay ya twenty ta one dat's one o' Monty's guys over there . . . Wy — I'll moider da bum. Leave me at 'im.

CAP. Hold it, Cobalt. It's agin me principles ta let a fight go on at me party. Besides, it would be handier if we caught him alone in a dark alley.

COB. Awright den — but I'll get him, so help me.

Note for possible development!

Enter FIRST KID — running.

FIRST KID Beef!

SECOND KID Hey, there's a beef outside.

OTHERS A fight! — c'mon, let's go.

Exeunt all but BEN, ROM, JULIET. BEN pulls ROM to go.

ROM. How can I go forward when my queen of hearts is here?

ROM. skulks to downstage — lights dim.

JULIET Romeo . . . Romeo . . . Romeo . . . ROMEO, AWREADY !!
 Da foist guy I'm really gone on, and he toins out t'be one o' Monty's guys.

Teh — wot's a name, anyhow?

Garlic sausage by any other monicker

Still puts shivers up an' down me spine.

O, if he wuz only here I'd be completely stoned.

Note natural ryhthm and meter.

ROM. So here I am — so what of it?

Are ya really dat crazy on me?

(Soft music slowly rises and continues throughout scene).

With a smooth Krupa roll.

JULIET Huh? Oh, so it's you awready.

Why your darn tootin' I'm nuts about ya.

She is very happy.

ROM. Not as much as I am about you, I bet.

(Music rises — "If you only loved me half as much as I love you.")

JULIET Why, if you only loved me 49 per cent of wot I love you, it would be O.K., but I bet ya don't.

(*Music rises*).

ROM. Three'll get ya five I do.

JULIET Oh, yeah? Twenty to one you drop me before I drop you.

ROM. You're on — who'll break the bet, an' so insure our future happiness?

Logical enough.

JULIET How about Frier Lawrence?

Enter FRIER LAWRENCE with frying pan.

FRIER L. So who wants me — ya wanna have somethin' fried — fried potatoes, fried hamburger, fried knishes, fried . . .

ROM. Stow the gab — me and my goil want ya ta *break a bet* for us, that's all.

Italian custom.

(*FRIER L. does so*).

JULIET Well, I must be off — be seein' you — an' remember — whatever you do, wherever you may be — remember your little Juliet.

Exit JULIET.

Enter COBALT, followed by BENNY.

ROM. Cobalt!

COB. Aha! There youse are — (*Takes out blackjack*).
Have at yez!

They fight—COBALT falls.

Exit ROMEO.

Enter KIDS and DUKE.

DUKE Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BEN (*Making with the motions*).

I saw it all with both of me two glims,
When Cobalt did engage in fisticuff
With Romeo, me pal, whose sturdy limbs
Gave him a time which was exceeding rough.
First Cobalt leads with Marciano hook,
Which Romeo so dexterously stops,
And he returns an answer to the crook
In form of nifty jab right in the chops.
Den comes a blow which Cobalt really felt —
A solid left that hoit him pretty bad.
And so he aims a jab below the belt,
Which really makes ol' Romeo fightin' mad.
Whereon he tries to *quickly* make an end
To all this doity pugilistic sluggin',
So Romeo, me clever little friend,
He gently taps his blackjack on the noggin'
Of yonder chap who now hears singin' boids.
My tale is finished — I've run outta woids.
DUKE I warned you guys before to quit your *gripe*
And now dis new distoibance got me riled.
The time for passin' judgment now is ripe —
And henceforth Romeo will be exiled.
The end result of this fight saddens me
'Cause I had bet on Cobalt, eight to three.
Exeunt all.

Note use of original wording — for some clever purpose, no doubt.

Split infinitive.

Ancient grudge.

Enter CHORUS (to "Glen Pierce Is Our Leader").

CHORUS Now Romeo over this is pretty sore,
'Cause to be proper he could never meet
His girl in any place except this store,
But Frier Lawrence gets a plan that's neat:
He waits till Duke goes out to eat his meal
Across the street ('cause he detests his cookin'),
And in the drugstore our two lovers steal
To chew the fat while Dukey isn't lookin'.
But Lawrence isn't wholly on the level
For in his mind he's got another notion,
And quickly makes a plan, the little devil,
To pacify the two mobs with a potion.

FRIAR L. puts limburger into the ice cream can.

Enter JULIET — in strides, etc. — sits at table — soft music begins.

Played by Dick Seaborn and his vibrant vibrato

JULIET Step onna gas, you souped-up model A
Towards Duke's drugstore . . .
Come night . . . come gentle night . . . come
Sweet lovin' night — so come awready?
Bring me darlin' Romeo ta me — cheez — Romeo —
If he dies, cleave 'im into a t'ousand
Little parts and toss them up in the sky
Where dey'll shine like a bunch of lovely stars
As t'ick as bedbugs — cheez —
Da way dis day drags — teh — I feel just like some liddle kid
What got a new pair o' strides an' can't put 'em on.

Better known in Egypt as the scarab.

Enter, ROMEO, with smile.

ROM. Here I am, with smile.
JULIET Oh, dreadful lovin' hate and hatin' love;
Oh, horrid livin' death, and deathin' liv —
Oh, fiend angelical . . . oh, Roger Maybank,
Oh . . .

Note chain of thought.

ROM. Hold it, hold it, goil — I feel uneasy —
A feeling in my stomach that is queasy;
There is a chance that our great plan is botched —
(Looks at audience, if any).

I have a feelin' that we're bein' watched.

JULIET Ya better look around an' make sure.

ROM. O.K. be right back — but — one last kiss and I will say so long.
(Pulls collar, mops brow, works self into first-rate dither, then, in a sudden burst of passion kisses her second finger, above the joint).

This part included with permission of Board of Governors.

Exit ROMEO.

JULIET Oh, dis whole business has got me so noivous.

Enter FRIER LAWRENCE

FRIER L. I got just the t'ing to calm yer noives. Here — take dis soda.
(She does so, falls unconscious).

Flakes out.

Enter ROMEO who does a blue tango as he crosses the stage to Juliet, sniffs, bends over soda, takes a deep breath, and he also makes like a stale bagle.

FRIER L. Now I have knocked the two kids out, methinks
By putting Limburger into their drinks;
And when the two mobs see their common loss
They will unite to seek a common cause.

FRIER L. *retreats to back of stage, very happy with self.*

Enter KIDS, CAPPY, MONTY, DUKE.

CAP. Aha! There's somepin' degenerated in Jutland — one o'
Monty's guys must have knocked out Juliet.

MONTY. Hold it — me man Romeo is also quite gone, which could only
mean . . .

CAP. Fellow mobsters, we've got a common enemy — DUKE!

Exit DUKE on the run, with KIDS after him).

FRIER L. So now our play is drawing to its close
My plan is what has caused the unity,
My brain has found an end to angry blows
The credit for success belongs to me.
A single boast my modesty prevents,
But ain't I just the cleverest of gents!

Enter DUKE with KIDS.

DUKE Dere he is — dere's da guy what done it.

FRIER L. *(As he is dragged offstage).*

Oh, stupid fool of fools, oh joik of joiks!
Again I have gone and loused up the woiks.
(Music rises amidst thunderous applause).

Whew ! !

Rebirth

*I rose one day and walked into the sunrise,
And all my pain and trouble dropped away;
One vibrant sunbeam stretched a dazzling
finger,
And turned a heart to gold, that had been
gray.*

*And in that moment all worlds lay before me;
All things were beautiful and all men kind;
Its radiance broke the fetters from my body,
Its glory swept the shadows from my mind.*

*And left it cleansed, throbbing with life
immortal;
My spirit soaring with that fiery star.
I turned; but in my heart remained its image,
Forever branded with that living scar.*

—HELEN SCURFIELD.



CARLETON WELLESLEY STANLEY

M.A., F.R.S.C., L.L.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, UNITED COLLEGE
(1946-1953)

THE Editors of *Vox*, on behalf of the student body of United College, take this occasion to pay tribute to the contribution which Dr. Stanley has made to life and scholarship in United College during his years in Winnipeg.

We know his reputation as a scholar in more than one field of study, and we know also how unselfishly he has surrendered his time and energy to the various demands made on him by the public. He has done very much, in this way, to serve as an honoured representative of the College in its community.

We are more concerned, naturally, with his record of inspiring service in the classroom, and in private interviews with his students. It is here, in the lives and opinions of his students, that his influence will be, we think, most lasting and valuable. We wish him every happiness.

PHOTOGRAPHY



*Valley of the Ten Peaks,
Alberta*

by EILEEN McKINNON.

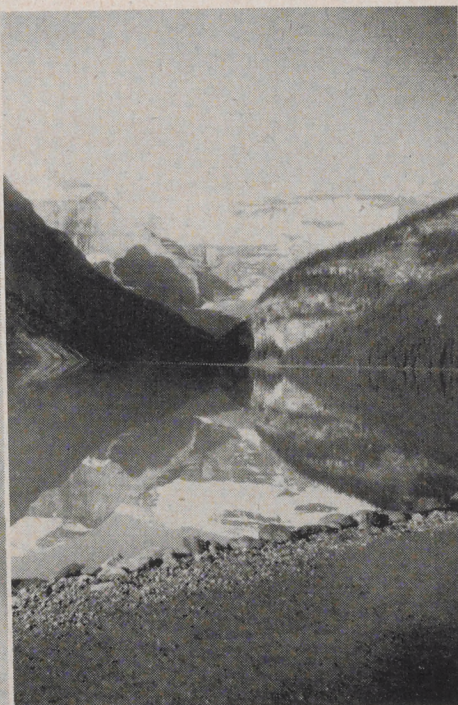


Oops!

by BRUCE WALLACE.

Lake Louise, Alberta

by EILEEN McKINNON.



Exclusive!

The Thursday Knights Chess Club

EDITOR'S NOTE: Inasmuch as the T.K.C.C. has grown in renown to a titanic extent, we feel that it warrants a spot of its own, independent of the activities section, thereby giving it a play in keeping with its relative importance; and at the same time allowing the editors (charter members of the club, it happens) to remain consistent in their general Vox policy. However, we do not wish the reader to feel that the editors have any personal interest or bias in this matter . . .¹

BACK about the middle of November a new and original idea gradually took shape within a couple of craniums. This idea was destined to grow into a tremendous and vital organization — one that would add immeasurably to student life at United College and also to college prestige.

That humble idea, born in simple circumstances (Ray Tulloch and Thom Murray) was indeed to grow . . . into the famous United College Thursday Knights Chess Club . . . a club whose distinguished membership is now well known. Each member knows the others well.

From its initial two craniums the club came alive amid keen student enthusiasm, and before long Common rooms sheltered at least one game every minute of the day, and often some at night. Persons who had never dreamed of playing chess found themselves checkmated. One could hardly enter a Common room in order to eat lunch without running the risk of being rooked.

The Thursday Knights Club chose to meet on Thursday nights. The locale was usually Room 316 in the Library Building, and play went on from about 7:30 to 10:00.

We now switch the scene to a Winnipeg Electric Company trolley-bus. Two U.C. students are speaking in low monotones. Two or three of the monotones drift into other ears . . . ears belonging to a member of the D.V.A. Knights Errant Chess Club. The rest is history.

Following that chance occurrence, the Thursday Knights rode ruggedly into their first battle; and they came out victorious. Played in Room 314 on January 28, seven of twelve jousts were won by Thursday Knights. This clash, being the first challenge match for the U.C. Club, was a particularly sweet one to win. The United College team included John Ostopovitch, Nick Enns, Peter Bergen, Doug Dougherty, Bob Satchwill, Dave Janzen, Alex Ewanchuk, Don Hadden, Ray Tulloch, Peter Thiessen, Jim Fulford, and Glen MacKenzie.

And so it was that a simple little embryonic brainwave developed into a chess group of doubtful merit . . . we mean, rather, a group, doubtless, of merit. It is the fond hope of its initial members that the Thursday Knights continue the rapid rise begun in 1952-53.

Incidentally, a tournament to decide the United College Chess Champion as well as the U.C. Chess Chump has been planned for second term. The tournament, a round robin, may be completed in time for next year's VOX . . .

¹. However true it may be.

—M. G. M.

YEAR BOOK

Activities



The Social Side

THE college year 1952-53 has been a great social success. Starting the season out with a bang was Freshie Week, under the capable direction of the Social co-chairmen, Donalda Finlay and Vic Mearon. The Freshie Queen Committee picked lovely Diane Bray as Queen, with Maureen Rogowski and Pat Birchard as princesses. They presided over all the "smashing" (!!) entertainment provided for the lucky Freshies.

On November 28th, at the Marlborough Hotel, United's annual "Snowflurries" dance was held. Bill Howie emceed the programme and the entire Social Committee looked after arrangements for the dance. Anyone who looked in would see the girls of United College in their charming formals, and the boys with their hair combed, shoes shined, and suits pressed. The residence quartet, including Doug Sly (bass), John MacDonald (baritone), Bill Howie (lead), and Art Woitte (tenor), rendered two selections (unaccompanied): "Coney Island Baby," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Walter Farign also favored with pieces on his piano accordion. It was a gala and memorable occasion.

Each Year has been responsible for one tea

dance this year. This included music, entertainment, and any original ideas that were concocted by the social representatives. The most exciting tea dance of the year was the Stick Tea Dance, taking place on the same day that the votes were cast for the Lady and Senior Sticks. Near the end of the dance, when our new Sticks were introduced to the students, near pandemonium broke loose, and the dance ended on a very happy note.

Each Year at United has been active socially. First Year had a party late in November, which, although not too well attended, was enjoyed by those who did come. First Year also put on a dance in Convo Hall to plug Varsity Varieties. Doug Sly emceed this program and is to be commended. First Year is also proud of Bev James and Ron Griffiths, their social reps.

Second Year was not quiet socially, either. With Jo Morgan and Ron Battley planning a party in Convo, the year got off to a good start. Second Year reports that their "plain and ordinary" party certainly succeeded.

Third Year, in spite of its lack of the fairer sex, didn't fare too badly. A dance held in first term, in Convocation Hall, was looked after by Jim Redgwell and Janet Scott. Third Year also sponsored the Stick Tea Dance and thanks should go to Jim Redgwell who so efficiently handled this most important dance of the year.

Bill Howie, social rep from 4th Year had the following to say in the Uinter concerning 4th Year's social activities:

FOURTH YEAR SOCIALLY APPROVED

"A while ago I thought of asking the question, Is fourth year social? Last Friday, January 30, I got the answer in the form of the best year party that the college has seen for a long time.

"The credit for this success goes to a Mr. Mort Fromson who came out and helped us immensely with his square dance calling and instruction.

Before the square dance there was a rough and rugged broom-ball game on Wesley Park rink. Somehow the survivors were able to enjoy the dancing and, of course, the food later in the evening.

"Our first term party took place in the hall of St. Andrews United Church and consisted mainly of entertainment (?) by our own class members, dancing, and food. There seemed to be a marked shortage of girls so we just put an apron on our Year President and pretended. Everyone (except Ramsay) seemed to enjoy it.

"Apart from private parties, that is the extent of 4th Year's social life—we're all saving our strength for Grad's Farewell."

Fourth Year wishes to pay tribute to Iris MacDonald and William Howie for, to use a new expression, "a job well done."

Theology has one "great" dance a year—their Grad's Farewell. Under the capable direction of Theology's social rep. Marg McLean, Theology will come up with another smash event this year.

For the most part, the students have been most co-operative. This has made the 1952-53 season one which won't be soon forgotten but will, rather, be remembered with regret that it went far too quickly.

The Cosmopolitan Club

IN 1952-53 a new organization came into being at the college, the Cosmopolitan Club, whose purpose it is to render a closer and warmer relationship and understanding between Canadian-born and foreign-born students by the exchange of ideas about their respective cultures.

The meetings of the club took the form of program nights when student groups from various countries became the hosts for the evening. The initial program was "Evening in Trinidad," presented by our West Indian students, who impressed their spellbound listeners with the charm, dignity and importance of that isle. This first evening was a brilliant success — seventy students attended!

At time of writing, the next evening is to consist of a "trip" to that ancient and mysterious goliath of the Orient — China — arranged by

our imports from Hong Kong. A gathering even greater than the first is anticipated.

During its inaugural year the club's executive, led by Professor R. N. Halstead, Honorary President, was as follows:

<i>Chairman</i>	Marta Kruuner
<i>Vice-Chairman</i>	
in charge of program	Stan Kumar
<i>Vice-Chairman</i>	
in charge of refreshments	Jo Morgan
<i>Vice-Chairman</i>	
in charge of publicity	Alex. Pan
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Pat Ono

With its initial year having been so successful, the Cosmopolitan Club seems assured of an important and popular place in the student life of United College.

The French Club

THE prime purpose of the French Club is to promote ease in French conversation. So an attempt is made at all meetings to talk in French only. A second purpose is to acquaint the student with various facets of French life.

At the first meeting lantern slides and paintings of Brittany were shown by Miss Doris Hunt, a teacher from D.M.C.I. For their second meeting the club members witnessed a French movie at the Paris Theatre in St. Boniface, after which they lunched at Child's. The January meeting consisted of a musical evening; records and selections from a string quartet were heard. Each piece corresponded with the type of music played during certain periods in French history.

Highlight of the year was the presentation by the club of the play, 'Les Precieuses Ridicules' for l'Alliance Francaise.

In order to make each meeting interesting yet educational, a number of games are played. These include spelling bees, quizzes, skits and charades and the reading of comical plays. All conversation is, of course, in French. Occasionally when the divine muse inspires him, Dr. Leathers favors the gathering with a few pieces from the string quartet.

But the French Club is a worthwhile activity in itself.



CONFERENCE, 1952: United College delegates are Stuart Barber, Jack Kruener, Marg. MacLean, Dave Blostein, Ramsay Cook, and John

A Poster Class was begun before Christmas under the supervision of Mr. G. Eliasson of the University School of Art. However, this project was abandoned due to lack of support.

Sub-committee reps were responsible for making their own posters this year, thereby causing less confusion. The instituting of requisition slips for posters provided for better organization in the poster department.

The new developments brought about by this committee, will, it is hoped, be helpful to succeeding United College Publicity Committees. It is also hoped that they will have as enjoyable and successful a year as the Publicity Committee of 1952-53.

The Publicity Committee

THE year 1952-53 was eventful as far as Publicity at the University of Manitoba was concerned, what with the suspension of the Manitoban, the long-awaited-for appearance of "Golden Boy," and, of course, "Brigadoon."

At United College, the Publicity Committee had an eventful as well as progressive year. Out of the confusion of making posters for "Snowflurries," debating, current affairs, the Coed Tea and Theatre Nite,¹ many important steps and new ideas were instituted.

Under the editorship of Melba Verge, President of Publicity, the "UNITER" had special editions published by Collegiate, Theology, and the Arts and Science divisions. New positions were added to the "UNITER" staff, including an editorial board, managing editor, news editors, sports editor, special issues manager, and pressmen.

This year, also, the Bulletin Board manager had a great deal more to do. The bulletin boards were divided into sections with mastheads for the various sub-committees and organizations in the College.

All posters were to be "11 x 16" and under their own masthead. Two new bulletin boards were set up in Tony's. One of them, "What's doin' at United," announced the happenings for the coming week; the other was set aside for Fort Garry bulletins such as "Brigadoon," Power Prom, Paradise Prom, etc.

¹But where did our Vox Posters go? — Ed.

The Current Affairs Club



THIS year things got underway with the calling of Mock Parliament early in October. Parliament was in session thereafter every Thursday from 12.30 until 1.30 in Convocation Hall until dissolved by the Governor-General at Christmas. Although there was no permanent party organization, parties formed on the basis of bills introduced each session, and heated arguments mixed with peanut butter sandwiches were frequent. Both the serious and the lighter elements of college, provincial and national life were discussed; e.g., one week the majority party in the House called itself the C.C.M. Party, otherwise known as the Cry For Colored Margarine Party. Al Mackling acted as Speaker of the House. All students are encouraged to attend Parliament either as members or as observers in the gallery and every Honourable Member has the privilege of participating in debate.

On Tuesday, October 14th, at 3 p.m., in Convocation Hall, Mr. M. J. Coldwell addressed the students of the university, discussing some of the current problems facing Western Europe.

This proved to be of considerable interest to all, especially to those who were to attend the Macalester-United Conference.

This year the 12th annual Macalester-United Conference on international affairs was held at Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota, delegates leaving Thursday, November 13th, by train on the "McNaught Special" and returning to Winnipeg Sunday, November 16th. The topic of the Conference was, "Plans for Union of Western Europe," and it was obvious to the enlightened that the amount of time spent in preparation by United students, added to their native intelligence, paid dividends in a superior delegation. Helen Scurfield and Doug Lauchlan presented our two student papers, both of which were of a very high calibre. Against a pronounced American rightist tendency, United delegates presented an argument for European solidarity and strength based on economic strength and trade as a long-term program; i.e., the "Functional" or pragmatic approach to European union. On the final day, the conference heard Max Freedman of Winnipeg give a survey of some of the most pressing present-day problems of Western Europe. Besides speeches and discussion groups delegates were treated to banquets, parties and a few hours of shopping or sightseeing with our American hosts.

Faculty members who accompanied the delegates were: Dr. and Mrs. J. H. S. Reid, Dr. and Mrs. K. McNaught, Prof. and Mrs. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, Miss Margaret Graham, and Miss E. Morrison. The students who attended in an official capacity were the Senior Stick, Don Denison, The Lady Stick, Joan Christie, and Al Mackling, Chairman of the Current Affairs Club. The delegation consisted of the following students: Margaret MacLean, Doug Lauchlan, Keith Cooper, Marta Kruuner, Gerald Panting, Mildred McDonald, Ramsay Cook, Bill Klempa, Merlyn MacLean, Desmond McConnell, Kenneth McVey, Roger Maybank, Helen Scurfield, Elsa Silber, Don Simms, Jim Smith, Ramond Cramer, Jack Duncan, Leo Kristjanson, Lee Patterson, Stuart Barber, John McDonald, David Blostein and John Lyon.

In second term an Open Forum succeeded Mock Parliament in the Thursday noon hour. The first session was held on Thursday, January 8th, in Convocation Hall. Debate began on a

resolution which condemned the foreign policy of both Russia and the Western Powers and ended on the current topic of whether or not male students should vote for the Lady Stick candidates.

Resolutions come from the floor for discussion at the next session and usually one resolution occupies the whole hour. The ideal resolution deals with a controversial subject which does not require too much research and preparation for intelligible debate; but aside from this there are no restrictions. The Open Forum is proving itself as a valuable and enjoyable part of the Current Affairs program.

The Current Affairs committee and reps would like to express their thanks to all those students whose participation has made this year's program a success, and to Dr. McNaught, faculty advisor, whose help and advice has been of the greatest value.

The Debating Society



TALKING

DEBATING this year continued to attract much interest among the student body, and participation has by no means been limited to a few more practised orators. Quite the contrary; more than ever participants and auditors have been attracted from junior division in the college which gives promise of producing some fine argumentative types in the next couple of years.

The intramural debates were scheduled regularly for Wednesday afternoons which allowed those interested to plan their week around this date. As is usual the debators approved of almost all the topics, but none seemed to be attracted toward the particular topic or the particular side of the topic to which he had been assigned. The aim of the Debating Society, how

ever, is to give students an opportunity to partake in formal discussion and to present theses in as cogent and effective a manner as they can. It is not possible to cater to each participant's peculiar preferences in more than a general way. Despite drawbacks, however, the intramural debating has had a successful season, and has provided a welcome opportunity for a good number of students.

The intrafaculty debates during the past year also have been rewarding in forensic experience if not in material gains. Our total of losses considerably exceeded that of our victories. But with the knowledge gained by many debaters at the intramural level, this condition should be radically altered in years to come.

United College Theatre

THEATRE, at United College, has had a satisfying and successful year. Under the capable chairmanship of Des McCalmont, who knows the stage from both sides of the footlights, the Theatre Council has experimented with a few new ideas, while at the same time continuing to present the regular "stand-bys," drama-wise, of the college.

The first of these permanent theatrical features is Stunt Night, which each year reveals many weird and some wonderful sights. Nov. 7 will be remembered as the night that Pogo was declared the people's choice, in a clever musical version of the party conventions preceding the American elections, which was presented by the Residence students. Their skit, written by a little-known post grad student by the name of Keith Cooper, was declared the victor by the judges, and was chosen to represent United College in Varsity Varieties. Coming in for honorable mention was the First Year satire on "Romeo and Juliet," which appears in the literary section of this book, and also the Second Year offering; while coming in for well-deserved dishonorable un-mention was Third Year's riotous flop, "King Rainbarrel the 93rd."

A time when confusion often makes his masterpiece, Stunt Night ran smoothly this year,

mainly because man-in-charge Jim Smith did something and did it well. The offerings on Stunt Night always rate an "E" for effort, and this year was no exception. To all years, then, our thanks, and to the Fourth Year skit, our prayers—may it rest in peace.

A subcommittee of the Theatre Council goes by the name of U.C.R. Theatre (we don't know what the "r" stands for either), which is headed by Jackie Heard. Due to the efforts of this group, a series of make-up classes was offered to all those interested. The influence of U.C.R. Theatre was also felt on Dec. 7, when the annual Carol Service featured a reading of Milton's "On the Morning on Christ's Nativity."

The main activity of the Theatre Council is directed toward the presentation, each year, of a number of one-act plays on Theatre Night, which took place this year on the 18th and 19th of February. With Helen Hill in charge, four one-act plays were offered, and each was chosen so as to avoid the danger of similarity. Theatre Night, as Stunt Night, was a financial success, and, to use the old cliché (for which, profuse apologies), a good time was had by all.

The Theatre Council has worked well and with profit (get your hand out of the till, Des) and may no one get caught as the curtain comes down on the 1952-53 season.

THEATRE COUNCIL

Hon. President	DR. LEATHERS
President	DES MCCALMONT
Vice-President and Publicity Chairman	LOIS REIMER
Business Manager	DON FRAME
Costume Mistress	BARBARA WARREN
Make-up Director	SHIRLEY LAWRENCE

SUB-COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Stunt Nite	JIM SMITH
Theatre Night	HELEN HILL
V.C.R. Theatre	JACKIE HEARD

YEAR REPS

Diana Vandervlis, Joyce McKennitt, Jim Fulford,
Clare Swainson, Marcia Dow, Jim Morgan,
Roger Maybank, Pat Badali



Religious Life

CHAPEL

"For Whom the Bell Tolls"

CONVOCATION Hall, as its name implies, calls faculty, staff and students to many and varied meetings. None of these assemblies is more vital and fundamental than that which brings us together for our daily worship service. By means of these daily chapel services, every person in the college family has a very real opportunity to strengthen faith and practice fellowship.

The chapel services are planned and arranged through the efforts of a Chapel Sub-Committee, acting on behalf of the Religious Life Committee of the College as a whole. This sub-committee is made up of student leaders and staff members. Its staff membership includes representatives from all three faculties of the college. Its student representatives include the Senior and Lady Stick, choir director, and Presidents of the V.C.F. and S.C.M. groups.

During this fall term, some of the chapel services have been conducted by different members of our faculty and staff. In addition, there have been messages brought to us by such missionaries as: Dr. Ralph Collins, United Church missionary to Angola, Africa; Dr. Eileen Snow, Medical Missionary and Principal of Ludhiana Interdenominational College in India, and Mr. Reg. Bennett, Secretary of the Baptist Missions in India.

A number of helpful series of services have been conducted this fall. Dr. Hugh McLeod, Minister of Knox United Church, conducted a fine series in October. Then, in November, Rev. Ted Scott, Rector of St. John the Baptist Anglican Church in Fort Garry, and a former S.C.M. secretary, led in a challenging series of chapel services on becoming and staying Christian, and Rev. Jack Shaver, recently appointed as minister of Fort Garry United Church, concluded our first term with a provocative Christmas series.

A most interesting week of sacred music was presented by a group of students who led in services of inspiration through the medium of sacred solos.

The chapel sub-committee was also responsible for the preparations and planning of a communion service in October, conducted by Principal Graham, and a special Christmas service on Sunday evening, December 7th, also conducted by the Principal.

This chapel sub-committee is anxious to express its appreciation to Dr. V. L. Leathers and his string orchestra for leading in the hymn singing services, to Mr. Gordon Parker, the Director of the Chapel Choir, to the faithful members of the choir for excellent musical services, and to the daily pianists who have accompanied the congregational singing.

Special services and series planned for second term, included: Rev. Wilbur Howard, Sec. of the Christian Education in this province; Rev. Don Pratt, Minister of Home St. Church of Christ and Rev. Ted Nicholls, Chaplain of Hart House, Toronto, and others.

A fervent wish and an earnest prayer are pealed forth by the chapel bell calling us all to "put Christ central in our lives."—C.J.R.

THE CHAPEL CHOIR

Director—GORDON PARKER

Accompanist—BARRY ANDERSON

Chapel choir is a group organized primarily for the purpose of adding to the spiritual life of the College. Every second Friday throughout the college year the members lead in the morning chapel worship service.

Over and above the regular services though, there are two occasions each year on which Chapel Choir places special emphasis: Christmas and Easter services.

The Christmas service consists of a carol service on the morning immediately preceeding the termination of first term classes and a special evening service the Sunday following. The latter this year was a program based on a reading of Milton's "On The Morning of Christ's Nativity." The Choir and the College string group provided a setting of Christmas music.

At Easter in Convocation hall, the Choir leads the student body at a Friday morning service which combines music appropriate to Good Friday and to Easter.

Although it is a relatively small student organization, ranging from 25 to 40 members, Chapel Choir does play a very important part in the life of the College. The value of music in worship and the active participation in it cannot be rated too highly, and it is just this that the Choir strives to present pointedly to the student body.

THE S.C.M.

AMONG the many courses and organizations at United College which give the student a chance to study or to participate in those fields of knowledge or activity to which he has most inclination, the Student Christian Movement tries to provide a program of both study and participation in what challenges the student not just as another field, but as a whole way of life: the Christian faith.

Even as philosophy courses and basketball teams are open to those who do not agree with the philosophy or have not yet learned to play on the team, so the S.C.M. is open to those who wish to question or examine the Christian faith and to experiment in its fellowship as well as to those who are convinced Christians or active members of the S.C.M. Through a program of study groups, forums, discussions and addresses we seek to provide an opportunity for every thinking student to express or examine his convictions.

The 1952 program at United College began with an S.C.M. Day, September 30, featuring information booths, a coffee party in Sparling Hall, and an open house at the home of Dr. E.

G. D. Freeman in the evening. It was followed by a lively, if somewhat cold Fall Camp, held the first weekend in October at Rupert's Land Camp, with Rev. Ted Scott as theme speaker.

During the fall term four groups were organized: a bible study group, under Prof. Chas. Newcombe; a discussion group, led by Bud Harper, Theology II; a study group on Civil Liberties, led by Prof. H. Crowe and Prof. D. Owen; and a series of forums featuring speakers from eight different Protestant churches. The forums, held during Friday noon hours, were particularly popular.

In second term two new groups were added and Garth Nelson, Theology II, took over Bud Harper's group. The new ones were an examination of worship, by Rev. Roy Wilson, and a discussion group on the place and effectiveness of the Church, led by Dr. E. G. D. Freeman and entitled, "Is the Church in Touch With Life?"

During the Christmas holidays 32 students from United College journeyed to Vancouver for the S.C.M. western regional conference. All agreed it was a unique experience, from the moment they boarded their antique "colonial car" on Boxing Day, until the last bull session aroused by the conference speakers ceased, a couple of months later.

In addition to its study program, the S.C.M. 1952-53 activities included open houses, socials, chapel services Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and church services held in the residence at Fort Garry.

Its final activity, Spring Camp, will be held early in May. Spring Camp is always the highlight of the S.C.M. yearly program, because in one packed week it includes all the things the S.C.M. strives to present during the University term: study, discussion and leadership in the Christian faith, fellowship, recreation and a community which tries to put the Christian ideals into practice. There, more than at any of its varied activities is embodied the aim of the Student Christian Movement: "Through study, prayer, and practice to know and follow Jesus Christ."

H. S.

EXECUTIVE

President	HELEN SCURFIELD
Secretary-Treasurer	DON HILTON
Publicity	GORDON SHANNON, RUTH HAMBLEY
Residence Reps	BLAIN THIERRY, MARG. MARCHANT
Worship	RUSS CROOK
W. S. C. F. Rep	DON DENISON
Social	JO MORGAN

THE I.V.C.F.

SOME thirty years ago a number of Cambridge University students were conscious of a keen desire and need for something more in their daily experience. Their mental and physical capacities were certainly being exercised, but still 'varsity life seemed incomplete. These young men discovered the answer to their problem in the pages of the Holy Bible.

Through diligent reading and honest soul-searching of God's word it became clear to them that the impersonal God of Creation whom most people acknowledge is at the same time a loving personal Redeemer and Lord to those who put their trust in Him. God, through His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, had come into their lives. This brought to them such satisfaction and joy that individual and group prayer and Bible study became not only necessary, but greatly desired in their daily life.

With this small group of earnest Christian students, the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship had its beginnings. It grew and spread to other Christian universities. In 1928 these Christian students responded to the challenge of the tremendous need for such activity in the Commonwealth universities by selling their sports equipment to buy Dr. Howard Guinness a one-way ticket to Canada. The work took root in six Canadian universities that same year. From Canada this work spread to Australia and the United States, and from there to the Orient, Latin America, and the continent of Europe.

This is not the story of one man or of a certain committee, but it is the record of God's faithfulness in working in and through hundreds of ordinary, obscure students, many of limited ability, who humbly believed God's promises.

In Canada the Fellowship has grown to include over twenty active chapters. We are happy and grateful that here at United College we have an I.V.C.F. group of about sixty members. All Fellowship groups are inter-denominational, warmly welcoming every interested person, regardless of color, creed or nationality. Fellowship with one another is enjoyed in gatherings like Scripture Study groups; the monthly fire-side evening, at which an informal but informa-

tive and inspirational service is held; conferences; missions and church services conducted by group members. Fellowship is also provided by such wholesome activities as social evenings, banquets and camps.

The motto of the I.V.C.F. is brief and clear: "To know Christ and make Him known." We at United have striven to attain this truly Christian ideal.

Our three weekly meetings were designed to produce a balanced program with a threefold emphasis upon the Christian's personal responsibilities, study of the Bible, and the challenge of the mission field.

We co-operated with the Fort Garry and Medical College groups in events such as the pre-session conference, the Firesides, and the very special series of lectures by Dr. Karlis Leyasmeyer.

Dr. Leyasmeyer's four-day series was the highlight of our first term activities. His wealth of knowledge regarding his subject and his absolute conviction that Christ's regenerating power in the life of an individual is the only sure answer to the problems facing individuals, families, communities and nations, made a profound impression on his audience.

The showing of Moody Bible Institute of Science films, the talks of interesting missionary speakers, the singing of carols and distribution of candies at Nursing Homes, evenings of fellowship with international students — all these and more provide a full and interesting program during each school year. It is the continued desire and earnest prayer of the V.C.F. that throughout the years it may serve to bring Christian students to a greater knowledge of God's word and a closer fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, and to help those who have never faced the challenge of the claims of Christ, to face this challenge, and be rewarded as those who began this movement were rewarded — with lasting joy and peace.

P. B., R. K.

EXECUTIVE

President	PAT BEATTIE
Secretary-Treasurer	RANDY KLASSEN
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Curling

THE opportunity to meet fellow-students in friendly competition makes curling a valuable extra-curricular activity. This sport has the largest student participation in the College and the Inter-house league had a record number of curlers. Forty women and over one hundred men curled each week from Monday to Friday inclusive. Some of the stronger rinks are those skipped by Don Kirkhope, Lawrence Jorgenson and Barry Cameron.

Almost thirty curlers competed in the men's inter-fac schedule. At the end of the first round in January, United's record stood at four wins, four losses and one tie game.

Rich Morrison, Evans Premachuk, Don Kirkhope, and Chuck Harris represented the College in the Porte Markle tournament. They won their first game, with Accountancy, but bowed out of the competition when Agriculture, who went on to cop the jewellery, defeated them in a low scoring game.

It is expected that 17 United rinks will take part in the University 'spiel (February 20 to 23). Some of the stronger quartets are those skipped by Dale Snyder, Ralph Gordon, Don Kirkhope, Gerry Bedford (and his faculty members), Barry Day, Jack Duncan, Niel Cameron, and Fraser Muldrew.

As we go to press, we learn that Mr. Gerald Bedford's "Professor Rink"—composed of Gerry Bedford, Jim Duff, Edgar Jarvis, and Wes Runions—took second prize in the University 'spiel, winning four briefcases in the process. Congratulations!

Athletics

Softball

This year's Inter-year Softball Championships were run off very successfully. Sports director Thom Murray, with the aid of dry fall weather and a new double knockout system which he devised, saw the winners of the first group, Theology, bow to the second group winners, Third Year, in a very tight game. Theology's right hander, Ian McMillan, hand-cuffed Third Year to one run the first three innings as Theology led four to one.

In the fourth frame Third Year broke through for four runs to take the lead five to four. In the Theolog half of the fifth, Joe Fry bashed in a long home run to tie up the ball game at five-all. But rubber-arm Murray managed to stem the theolog flood. Then in the last of the fifth Ian McMillan walked Grant Nerbas who then stole home on an infield hit by Don Kirkhope to win for Third Year the College softball title.

In some of the other games, First and Second Years were sidelined by Third Year. Collegiate won out over Fourth Year but defaulted too many games to be able to remain in the running. Although Fourth Year went winless it was not without its hour of glory.

In its match with Collegiate, Al Mackling, bowling from the pitcher's box, was in constant trouble but in the last half of the ninth, Fourth Year put on a brilliant display to come within one run of tying the game.

Six-man Rugby

Although United's six-man rugby team did not end up with a record commensurate with the fine new set of equipment provided by the Administration, it still had a banner year, with three victories to two losses. The season opened with a 5-0 triumph over Commerce, then the team ran into a brick wall, Engineering, whose stalwarts eked out a 6-0 win. Medicine rolled over the Red Raiders 24-6. The team ended the year with two victories: a 7-5 win over Pharmacy and a 22-17 win over Agriculture.

Very gratifying to those in charge of the team was the large student interest and participation.

Approximately 40 students took part in the practices with 20 of them actually participating in league play. The outstanding offensive players were Triple-threat Grant Nerbas, Moose Shibinski, and Terrible Terry McCormick. On defence Frank Metcalf, Touchdown, Petursson, and Punchy Montgomery were standouts.

Basketball

Only one team was entered in Inter-Fac basketball this year. And this was in the Junior league. At time of writing United leads the league with seven wins and no losses. So there is a very good chance that the team will cop the championship.

After a slow start the squad is now clicking on all cylinders. At the beginning of the season, the team's great offensive power was handicapped considerably by injuries. In fact at one time, only four members, including one with a fractured knee, were able to take to the floor.

These four put up a great fight, one that taxed them to the limit, but they came up with a win regardless of the odds.

This year the team is sparked by high-scoring Chuck Harris who also plays an invaluable defensive game. His leadership and drive have molded the team into a single fighting unit. Other members of note are Harold Bjornson, T. D. J. McCormick, Frank Metcalfe and Joe Petursson who doubles as equipment manager.

Hockey

Entries for United's inter-year hockey league range all the way from Collegiate to third year along with a team from Theology. Fourth Year is the only year not represented. The five teams plan to play a double-knockout series with a best of three playoff for the championship.

In the inter-fac league United was represented in the Junior division by a team from Residence, who boasted of the largest cheering section. The Residence men, led by Coach Eldon Simms, Jack Duncan, Harry Baker, Doug Sly, John MacDonald, Russ Crook and Rollie Ruhr, reached the finals, finally losing the series with Science in an overtime battle.

In the Senior league the College's entry is built around Bill MacMurray and former Monarchs, Laurie Mitchell and John Riley. The objective is to improve, at all costs, last year's record.

Girls' Sports Report

TRACK AND FIELD—The annual track and field meet which is usually held at Sergeant park during Freshie Week, was held in the U.M.S.U. gym because of adverse weather conditions. Very few girls from United turned out as the majority thought the meet had been postponed.

CURLING—The heaving of rocks has been undertaken with much enthusiasm by the girls this year—both in the Inter-fac and the Inter-house leagues. In the former, three teams from here are entered. The foursome skipped by Lee Patterson is doing particularly well; to date they have lost only one game. The house league has forty girls participating, a new record.

VOLLEYBALL—In the Inter-fac league the girls' teams did splendidly. So great was the interest shown that we were able to enter three teams—each of which reached the semi-finals. But the Arts girls carried off the trophy this year.

The volleyball season was rounded out with the Inter-year schedule which began January 8th and ended February 12th with Second Year emerging the victor.

BADMINTON — Practices were held every Wednesday afternoon at Augustine United church. Interest in badminton is increasing at the College. However, a great deal of difficulty stems from the lack of convenient facilities.

BASKETBALL—The girls are looking forward to a successful season under the guidance of coach Ian McMillan. A practice is held every Wednesday evening at Kelvin school; games are played every Saturday at the U.M.S.U. gym. To date they have experienced only one loss. At present they are locked in a three-way tie for first place in the Inter-fac league.

BASEBALL — This year's schedule was hindered to some extent by weather conditions.

SWIMMING—During the past year approximately twenty students from the College have received instruction in life saving and instructors courses at Chippewa and Sherbrooke swimming pools.

On February 26th, the Inter-fac Swim gala will be held and United will certainly be a threat to the other faculties in this outstanding event of the swimming year.

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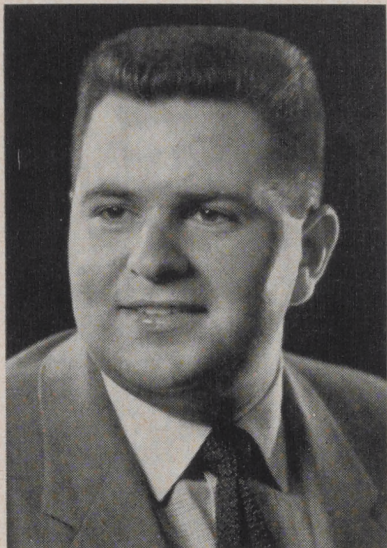
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on

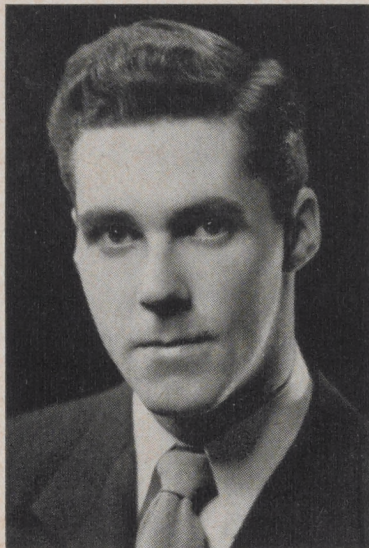
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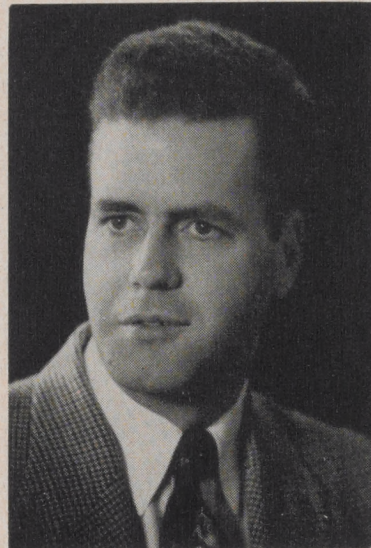
BRIGADOON



DES McCALMONT



BUD HARPER



IAN McMILLAN



GORDON PARKER



MARGARET SMART

AS the curtain opened during each of the week's sold-out performances of Brigadoon (Feb. 2-7), audiences were at once captivated and transported; captivated by the beauty and brilliance of the spectacle before them, and transported by it to a phantom village in the Scottish highlands which has the distracting

habit of appearing and disappearing every hundred years.

For any audience this U of M Glee Club production would be a never-to-be-forgotten experience, but for those of us from United College who watched it unfold, it was doubly memorable. For the very best of the dancers,

singers and actors on the stage were from United College, and one or two others, such as the female lead, Marg. Smart (Fiona MacLaren), and Glen Harrison are graduates from our college.

On the programme page entitled "Major Leads" we see that of eight leads, four are from United. The male lead of the show was Gordon Parker, who as Tommy Albright, an American playboy, sang his way into the hearts of the inhabitants of Brigadoon and with the deep, rich baritone notes that we know so well at United, sought and won the love of Fiona.

That a theolog should be cast as the villain of the plot might be in the minds of some a good piece of type-casting. However, whether you agree or disagree with this, you cannot deny that Bud Harper played the role of Harry Beaton with all the energy and brilliance which the part required. Again Bud has shown us that he is an artist of whom United can be proud.

And so has our rotund laddie from fourth year—Des McCalmont. Already well known to us as a first-rate comedian, Des used all his ability to great advantage as the bottle-warmed hunter from America, Jeff Douglas. Poor Jeff—the agony he underwent trying to get rid of Meg Brockie!

Then, of course, there is our former Senior Stick, Ian McMillan. In the role of Mr. Lundie, Ian added a warmth and inspiration to the opera which was hard to equal. Like the other three stars just mentioned, Ian is a theolog;—watch for an increase in the number of congregational theatre nights in the United Church.

United's Orv. Derraugh and Gordon Throp proved very capable of handling solo numbers on the vocal side, while Pat Leathers (as Maggie Anderson) and Ken McVey performed the gruelling Scottish dances with seeming ease.

One of the windy bag-pipers was from United too—Jim Millar—whom many of us saw also at Stick election time, adding a little life to the library. Rosalie Podoba and Dave Blostein lent their talents to the orchestra which did a great deal to build up the effect of the scenes. In the chorus, too, United was represented — Marg. MacLean, Helen Scurfield, Corinne Langston and Bryan Hubble all took part.

As members of United College we are proud of our representatives to Brigadoon—the most successful Glee Club musical in recent years—and as members of the U of M we say: "hats off to United College talent!"

—BILL HOWIE



POOR BUD IS DEAD: Climax of chase scene at a "Brigadoon" rehearsal. Corpse (Harry Beaton) is played by Bud Harper. (Picture on page 71 shows the opening highland scene, with Tommy Albright (Gordon Parker) and Jeff Douglas (Des McCalmont) a little lost).



MY MOTHER'S WEDDING DAY: Drunken scene at Brigadoon rehearsal. Meg Brockie (on table) played by Janet Bleeke.



LUNDY SCENE: Interested in Fiona MacLaren (Margaret Smart) are Mr. Lundy (Ian McMillan), Tommy Albright (Gordon Parker) and Jeff Douglas (Des McCalmont).

VARSITY VARIETIES



"WE LIKE IKE:" Jack Duncan as Ike is at front. Barry Pogue is seen at extreme left. Harvey Hedley (Joe McCarthy) sings at far right.

WHEN the United College skit won the trophy in Varsity Varieties, few were aware of the glorious history of the act. It all began when one small group decided it was time that Residence won the annual Stunt Nite competition at U.C. Out of the hats that cover some brilliant heads came the idea of a satire on the American election. With a great deal of work and practice and a tremendous amount of fun, they copped the cup offered annually by the Theatre Council, the Stunt Nite trophy. The next performance was in St. Paul, Minnesota, following a few minutes practice on the train.

Now we enter the modern era of its history. Varsity Varieties was next, and due to the larger Auditorium stage, a recruiting campaign was started. The new blood meant more practising, but that was quickly put under the belt.

However, some revisions had to be made because of the length of time between the U.S. election and VV's. One of the major changes was the addition of an explanatory song of

introduction. This was capably poured forth by Jim Smith.

The other major roles were played by Keith Cooper (Taft); Jack Duncan (Ike); Bud Harper (Stevenson); Bill Hickerson (MacArthur); Gwen Hasselfield (the "operatic singer named Margaret Truman"); Harvey Hedley (Sen. McCarthy); and Barry Martin (Nixon). The hero of it all—Pogo—was excellently depicted by Ruth Hambley. Not to be forgotten are the convention leaders — Barry Pogue, Russ Crook, Harry Baker, and Bill Howie—who put on the finishing touches with their screaming voices.

A fellow called Keith Cooper, who wrote and directed the play, gave up much of his time and many of his cigarettes in his search for perfection. When leads could not attend practice he was undaunted—simply taking over the parts himself. The only real difficulty in this case occurred when he had to sing as one person and accept the song as another. All the shaving time Keith gave up to make a good job of the task

he had accepted will be remembered for a long time by all who took part. The second person for whom this paragraph is written is one Pat Finlay, who like Keith, always seemed to be able to attend practices. Without her faithful pounding of the piano, things would have been rather difficult.

Following is the plot of *We Go Pogo*:

The Republican Convention hears, with polite indifference, a complaint from Joe McCarthy that he has seen "a Democwat . . . as red as red could be." Then, amid considerable din, the singing assembly discards MacArthur (flooded in a sweet green light) and Taft; whereupon the delegates lend their full support and vocal chords to General Eisenhower, who accepts the nomination with wide and wonderful gestures and a winning smile.

Following the departure of the "We Like Ikers," in comes a second rabid group, none other than the Democrats, humming "The Missouri Waltz" as they come. In a moment the beautiful melody is broken by the fast-moving strains of "Dixie," and the Dixie-crats promptly appear. Margaret Truman sings a song beginning "Eisenhower came to town," and as she

leaves is wildly cheered by the Democrats and widely booed by the other crats. The two clashing parties are united by the introduction of "Our Adlai," who after a little thought, accepts the nomination.

After the Democrats vacate, heralding Stevenson the dark horse Pogo makes his entrance; and, outlining a fantastically magnificent political platform, wins the support of both Republican and Democratic delegates. (A typical Pogo plank: "one b-i-i-g holiday!")

Keith Cooper's skit contained a wealth of songs, sung to familiar melodies. They included the following: "I Tot I Saw a Democwat a-Tweeping Up On Me," "Old Soldiers Never Die," "Poor Dug-out Doug," "Taft Was a Loser, a Four-time Loser," and "We Like Ike," these being sung by the Republicans. On the Democratic roster were: "She's a Cultured Democrat," "Sweet Adlai," "Taft Was a Loser," "This Ain't the Army, Mr. Ike!", and "Stevenson, Stevenson, We're All Voting for Stevenson." The stunt concluded with all players gathering behind Pogo and singing: "Washington For Pogo," and the grand finale, "We Go Pogo!"

Nice going, Keith Cooper and cast!

—LEO KRISTJANSSON



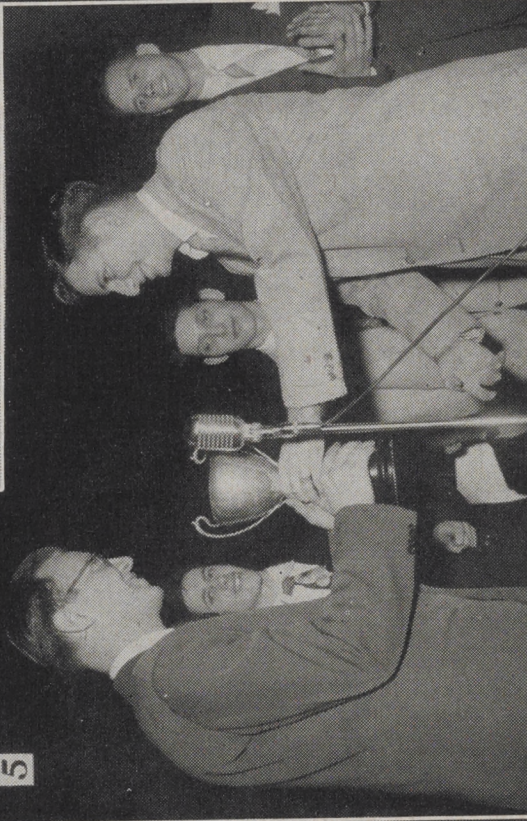
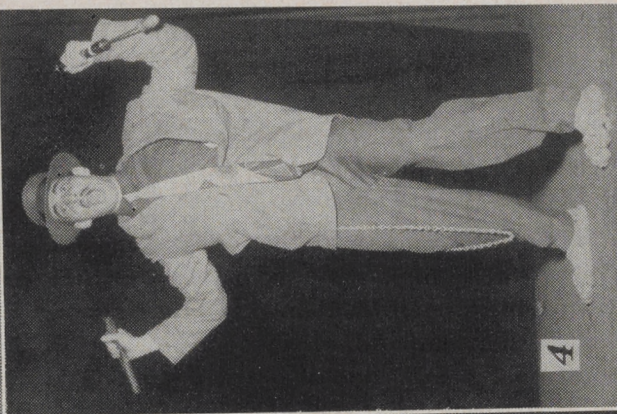
"OH ADLAI, WE COME TO THEE": Bud Harper portraying Adlai Stevenson is urged by Bill Howie and the rest of the Democrat delegation to "give Ike the knife" by accepting the nomination.



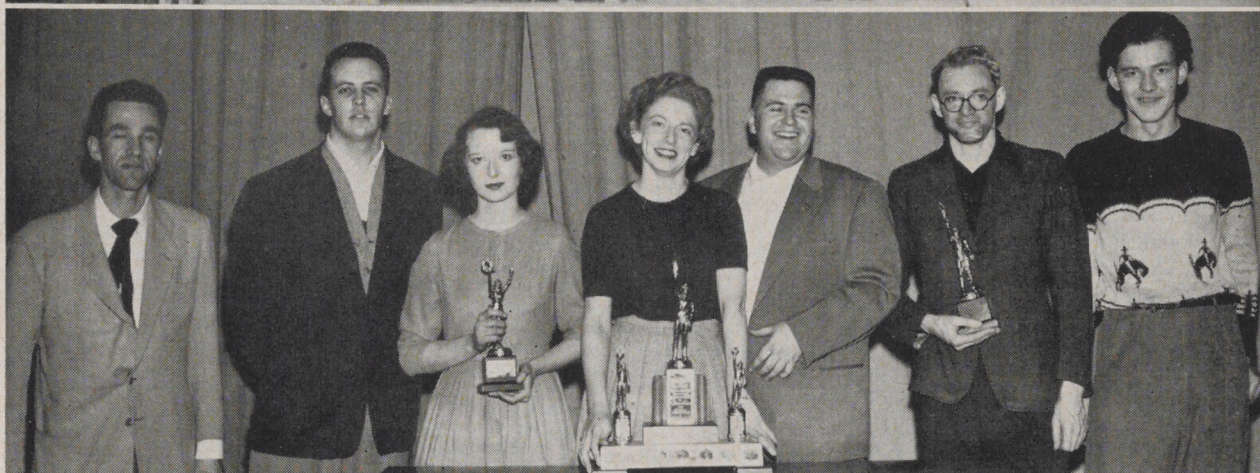
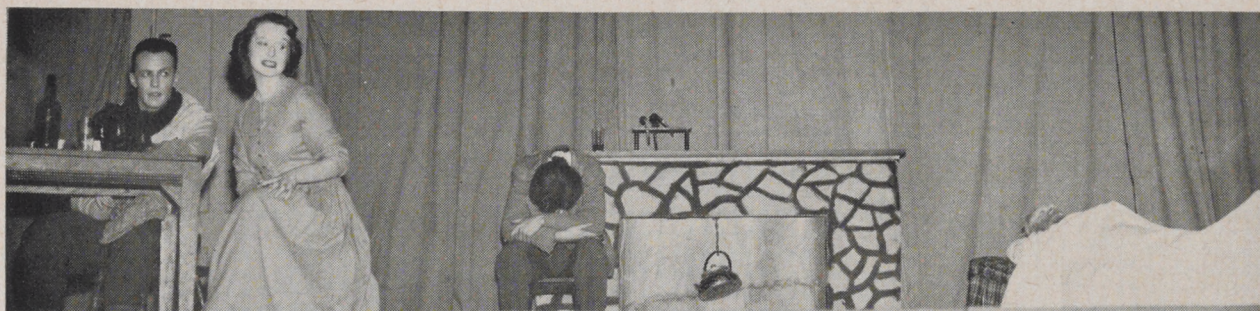
"THIS AIN'T THE ARMY MR. IKE": Adlai Stevenson, having accepted the nomination, leads the delegation in giving Ike some good Democratic advice. Margaret Truman (Gwen Hasselfield) sings at left.



"WE GO POGO": The whole assembly falls behind Pogo (Ruth Hambley) in the rousing finale to the skit, which was written and directed by Keith Cooper.



VARSITY VARIETIES, THE SPREE OF '53: Holding their eighth notes to form the U and the M in No. 1 are the Aggie Male Quartet during their version of Wagon Wheels. Ronnie Meyers, playing Charlie McCarthy to cohort Izzy Asper's Edgar Bergen, acts out one of the gags staged by the co-emcees. Shown in No. 2 in their bibs and tuckers, the wise men entered in six different costumes. Picture No. 3 shows a portion of the delegation to the Republican convention in the winning skit presented by United College. Frank Schieder, portraying the wolf in Harold Stevenson's production of Peter and The Wolf in pantomime is depicted, complete with bicycle pump, in picture No. 4. Former VV emcee, Harold Buchwald, is shown in picture No. 5 presenting the skit trophy to Keith Cooper, writer and director of the winning skit from United College. Looking on are Meyers, Asper and VV convenor John Medland. Picture No. 6 shows Olga Shewchuk.



THEATRE NIGHT SAMPLES: At top, scene from "Shadow in the Glen," which won the University Drama Festival held at Tech-Voc School on Friday and Saturday, March 20-21. Michael Dara and Nora Burke sit at the table, the Tramp sits in the chair, while Daniel Burke (the "corpse") lays claim to the bed. In the second picture are Harry Werier, Bill Dixon, Helen Hill (who won the best actress award in the Festival), Irene Trigg (director), Des McCalmont, Max Armstrong (who won the best actor award), and Dave Peterson. The next scene, at the left, is from "The City Slicker and Our Nell," which was a non-competing presentation in the Festival. Frank Beard (with the beard) holds the gun; Violet Beard and Minnie Beard (without beards) are listening to Aunt Marthy (with the spectacles). In the next picture at right are Claribel Worth, the City Slicker, and Nellie Beard. Bottom left shows Mr. A. D. Longman about to present the cups to Theatre Night's best, Bill Howie and Joan Black. Dr. Leathers and Des McCalmont look on. Gathered in the bottom right candid are (sitting) Bill Howie, Pat Beattie, and Helen Scurfield; (standing) Glen MacKenzie, David Blostein, Jim Strachan, Barb Melnick, Diane Bray, and Irene Trigg.

THEATRE NIGHT

AFTER a one-year lapse, United College Theatre Night made a strong comeback in 1953. Four plays called upon the talents of nearly forty people from stars to stage hands, on the nights of February 18th and 19th. Two cups, donated by the Grads' Association, were awarded to Bill Howie and Joan Black, best actor and actress in Theatre Night.¹

Sham, given the first night only, was a smooth play full of a clever sort of special pleading which carried the hearers along with the hero-villian's logic in spite of themselves. The cast gave the play a good showing with several minor climaxes well carried off. Acting honors went to Roy Halstead and Marilyn Townsend as the husband and wife.

Strange Road, presented by the Collegiate as the opening play on the second night, compared very favorably indeed with former Collegiate productions. The players did some good work with a vehicle to which, on account of its static nature, young amateurs would find it extremely difficult to do full justice. Miss Shapiro as the hero's deeply troubled mother lent real atmosphere to her role. Annie and Allan, the two young people, carried a long argumentative scene with fair animation but perhaps with an insufficient variety of interpretation.

Shadow in the Glen, a very typical Synge production, offered a good dramatic mixture of interest, action and poetic atmosphere. While the play proceeded at a good pace, it could have had a little more intensity in the quieter portions to furnish needed contrast with the stirring events of the resurrection and the affable intimacy of the final moments. All the characters in this play gave a good account of themselves, with a very special mention going to Max Armstrong for his authoritative rendering of Daniel Burke's strange mixture of immobility and violent denunciation.

The popular hit among the four plays was assuredly the hilarious caricature of the old-fashioned melodrama, in which the oily machinations of the city slicker failed to obtain

either our Nell or the coal-crammed back pasture. Presented with an abundance of gusto in the right spots, liberal dashes of the suitably maudlin, an insuperably simple heroine and two peerlessly wicked sophisticates from New York, this play—*The City Slicker and Our Nell*—gave exactly what it set out to give: a half-hour of real merriment. In addition to the sterling work of the two award winners, Miss Black and Mr. Howie, it contained good performances by a fantastically unlikely detective in training, a harassed but indomitable mother, as well as a rare assortment of mountain flowers and other altitude products.

The staging of the plays represented a wise compromise between attempted realism and a stark stage. In this regard, *Shadow in the Glen* received the best treatment of both setting and costumes, adding very markedly to the atmosphere of this essentially atmosphere play. In similar fashion, *The City Slicker* performers considerably enhanced their production by some fine character clothing.

Theatre Night was a credit to those responsible. Some good standard plays were produced, and a worthwhile experiment successfully attempted. It is hoped that equal energy and initiative will mark subsequent productions.

DR. V. L. LEATHERS

THE CITY SLICKER AND OUR NELL

by Leland Price

Rootin, Tootin, Shootin Mellerdrammer

DirectorPAT BEATTIE
Stage Manager and
assistant directorJOAN CHRISTIE

CAST

Nellie Beard (a little mountain flower)DIANE BRAY
Violet Beard (her sister, another
flower)BARBARA MELNICK
Frank Beard (their father, with a heart
of oak and a head of hickory)BILL HOWIE
Minnie Beard (his wife, as pure as
the driven snow)IRENE TRIGG
Dan Tucker (who looks the whole world
in the face)DAVID BLOSTEIN
Toby Snodgrass (not as dumb as he seems,
"he couldn't be")JIM STRACHAN
Sheridan Douglas (the city
slicker)GLEN MACKENZIE
Claribel Worth (who isn't worth much) ..JOAN BLACK
Aunt Marthy (as old as the hills)HELEN SCURFIELD

¹Editor's Note: Dr. Leathers, who did the judging, felt that as his name was appearing at the end of this article, we had better mention, to use his approximate phraseology, his own sterling performance in announcing the awards, in view of the fact that his mentioning it might convey the impression of self-acclaim.

SHAM
by Frank Tompkins
Social Satire

Director LOIS REIMER
Stage Manager KEITH COOPER

CAST
Thief CLARE SWAINSON
Clara MARILYN TOWNSEND
Charles ROY HALSTEAD
Reporter JIM GROSE

STRANGE ROAD
by John Houston
Drama

Directors DENA ZAMAK, JIM MORGAN
Stage Manager WALTER MYNARSKI

CAST
Mrs. Talbot ESTHER SHAPIRO
Mrs. Kadan ZELDA KLADY
Annie MARCIA DOW
Alan LEE SHAW

SHADOW IN THE GLEN
by John M. Synge
Irish Folk Play

Director IRENE TRIGG
Stage Manager HARRY WERIER

CAST
Nora Burke HELEN HILL
Tramp DAVE PETERSON
Daniel Burke MAX ARMSTRONG
Michael Dara BILL DIXON



FIRST YEAR, 1953: (Front Row) Frank Metcalfe, John Wright (President), Terry McCormick. (Second Row) Pat York, Barbara Melnick, Bev Wright, Joyce Laurie, Ruth Shwaikowski, Shirley Anderson, Jackie Keedian, Norma Johnson, Pat Birchard, Audrey Backus, Helen Owchar, Joyce Ferguson. (Third Row) Anita Wightman, Diana Vandervlis, Diana Bray, Joyce McKennitt, Wilda Reynolds, Pat Finlay, Naomi Foster, Tanas Arbuckle, Beverley Brown, Joan Sinclair, Marion McCauley, Beverley James, Lucille Delaliaux. (Fourth Row) Alex Beleski, Yue Chee King, Tommy Leung, Chan Cho Yee, Dave Janzen, Jim Miller, Alan Murphy, Allan Block, Bill Salstrom, Bob Marshall, Steve Scromeda. (Fifth Row) Dave Blostein, Kaan Chee Yee, John Ross, John Mishtak, Murray Fyfe, Bruce Rea, Bob Hansell, Bob Ham, Hugh Krentz, Bob Faircloth, Walter Melnyk. (Sixth Row) Bob Zimmerman, Jim Strachan, John MacDonald, Bob Johnson, Barry Blumm, Keith Muirhead, Gordon Maunder, Jim Wright. (Seventh Row) Rod Sisler, Vernon Kobrinsky, Lock Gray, Don Fry, Alan Hodson, John Pittcairn, Ron Griffith, Lyle Johnson, Jim Scott, Dave Swan. (Eighth Row) Cornelius Hiebert, Bob Barchal, Bryan Conly, Ross Henderson, Lawrence Schmidt, Clarke Gudgeon. (Ninth Row) Jack Chaunesty, Bob Moffat, Jake Anhang, Jerry Martino, Herbie Sutherland, Roland Ruhr, Barry Anderson, Victor Dumore, David Schellenberg, Glenn Hermanson.



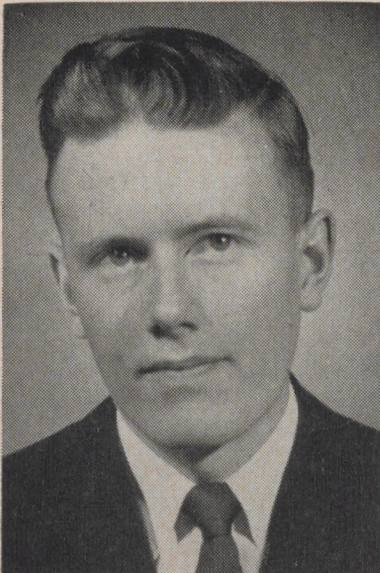
SECOND YEAR, 1953: (Front) Ralph Gordon, Diana Lucas, Joan Black, Margaret Dennis, Marilyn Townsend, Bernice MacLaren, Pat Ono, Kay Zajac, Pat Milne, Maureen Rogowski, Marion Martin, Norma Mann, Anne Henderson. (Second Row) Paul Brodie, June Melnyk, Olga Hlayko, Eugenia Podborochynski, Helju Siimo, Barbara Warren, Audrey Ann McKenzie Murphy, Audrey Sampson, Lilia Eylands, Jo Morgan, Corinne Langston, Marilyn Starr, Shirley Bruce. (Third Row) Bud Renton, Donna Smith, Boris Johnson, Ralph Donnelly, Betty Page, Margaret Foster, Pat Harris, Kathy Blythe, Viola Johnson, Barb Cheney, Joyce Plezia, Donna Patterson, Eileen McKinnon. (Fourth Row) Howard Reimer, Conrad Sigurdson, Ed Rudnicki, Barry Day, Ron Campbell, Scott Montgomery, Ron Battley, Paul Meyers, Russell Crook, Wallace Bergman, Fred Herrondorf, Henry Toews, Peter Pan. (Fifth Row) Roland Rivalin, Dave Koga, Drew Innes, Harold Winlaw, Benny Loeppky, George Fast, Peter Thiessen Sherry Scharfstein, Dave Frame, Alec Pan. (Sixth Row) Ben Oakden, Bob Jasson, Roy Halstead, Orv Derraugh, Lawrence Heppenstal, Bill Tuchak, Evans Premachuk, Walter Ferrier. (Seventh Row) Rudy Maxwell, Bill Paterson (President of Second Year), Roy Vogt, Roland Otto, Doug Armstrong, Shirley Wilkie, Jackie Heard, Mona Mackie.



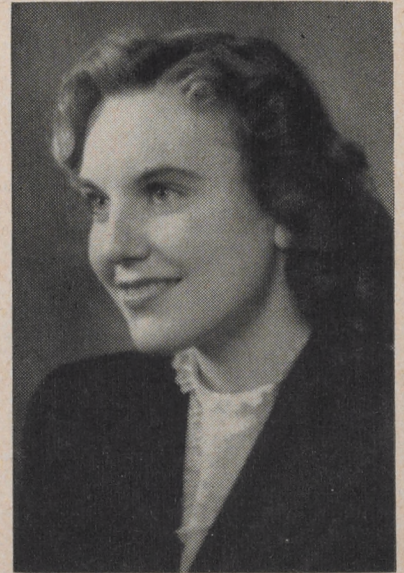
TONY



THIRD YEAR, 1953: (Front) Ray Tulloch, president; Prof. C. J. Robson, Hon. President. (Second row) Val Olafson, Eleanor Sigurdson, Reita Stitt, Ruth Hambley, Peggy Bakalinsky, Ray B. Cramer, Doug Lawford, Dale Gibson, Hugh Curtis. (Third row) Iris Parkin, Nadia Lisowsky, Pat Badali, Shulamis Gorelick, Sandra Brodsky, Valentine Berthaudin, Norman Smith, Byron Elsey. (Fourth row) Jack Duncan, Janet Scott, Joan Kergan, Geraldine Braid, Esther Wiebe, Merle Keith, Don Olson, Wesley Penner. (Fifth row) Harry Baker, Clarence Swainson, Glen Stewart, Thom Murray, Ken Hughes, Colin Settle, James Bissett, Norm Ertman. (Back row) Bill Hickerson, Don Kirkhope, Dave Koga, John Neufeld, Glen MacKenzie, Grant Nerbas, Morley Spiegel. Missing: Quite a few.



DALE GIBSON
Senior Stick, 1953-54.



JOAN KERGAN
Lady Stick, 1953-54.

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. . . thanks you all for your friendly
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* * *

Graduation Address

Address to the Graduates, Grads' Farewell, February 27, 1953

PROFESSOR H. S. CROWE

I AM honoured in being able to address this graduating class of 1953.

I make no pretence of speaking for the faculty and indeed I may be speaking against them. I speak only for myself.

For the past three years I have watched these people from a point of considerable advantage. As a result of a mid-way change in courses I have lectured to them in American history, Medieval European, Modern British, and this year in some Canadian history. Why they should have solicited another gratuitous infliction — why I should have been chosen to "agonize them in farewell," I do not know. So much the worse for them.

We have moved some distance in this matter of academic farewells from the Medieval custom when a student was given, without ceremony, a bottle of wine, a basket of fish, and a license to beg and sent on his way.

I have received much advice, some of it invited, as to what I should be certain to say at this most important event. I received among others, the particularly unhelpful suggestion that I was faced with no problem because by the time I had finished with Stevenson and McCarthy my time would be up.

I was strongly urged by someone else to make some gesture with a torch—but Malabar's were unable to furnish the article. And so I shall content myself with calling you the carriers, voluntary or involuntary, of the bacilli of civilization. May you be agreeable hosts, and may your lives be long and contagious.

It was represented to me by several persons that I should observe that you are on the threshold — of something or other. And one

might say that there could be a less appropriate figure of speech, because in the jargon of psychology—as some of you will be aware—the threshold is the point of intensity at which a stimulus, gradually intensified, has become just barely perceptible.

And I have received insistent counsel that as our formal association nears its end, I should include an expression of tender memory and of resignation—to the inevitable that is—but with this consolation, that through the benefaction of the April obstacle the blow upon us will be softened and all will not be taken in a single and abrupt disjunction.

That is what I should say *to* you; now what shall I say *about* you?

First of all, I shall say, without the inconvenience of qualification, that as groups of young people go, you are alert and informed. Most of you can distinguish between the Currie Report and the Kinsey Report. A year ago 87.5 per cent of you knew the name of the Prime Minister of Canada and in the ripening interval, I am confident that that percentage will have been increased.

And at the risk of being maudlin, I shall say that you are nice people. I suppose that description requires some explanation because "nice" comes from the Latin "nescius" meaning "ignorant," and even with Shakespeare it could mean "ill-informed." But I am using it in the modern colloquial expression of being "agreeable" or "pleasing to the senses." I think that here at least I am expressing the consensus of the faculty when I say that when the class of '53 went through the College, it was "pleasing to the senses."

I would not be one who would deplore in public any deficiency in our product, so I hope you will not misunderstand me when I say that I have heard in several quarters that the most characteristic quality of this class is its "unused capacity." It has a potential voltage far beyond its realized flow of current, and it would not suffer from a re-organization of power sites and of lines of transmission even if so effected as to leave the distribution of gas in other hands.

Of course you never can tell how young people are going to develop — what eminent stature someone before us tonight may in time achieve. The member of my own graduating class whom we might well have chosen as the person least likely to succeed has in fact become our class's most outstanding success and today he is the headwaiter in one of our nation's largest hotels.

And now, what immortal thought shall I presume to strive to leave with you?

It had occurred to me that perhaps I should talk about education, along the lines of an article I was writing for the *Manitoban* but which did not appear because of the printers' strike—I believe it was—which occasioned an involuntary rupture in its routine publication. But that might seem to some to be a bit removed for a central theme in the modern world with atom bombs and television hanging over our heads. There are so many sombre undertones in the global scene—from the red jungles of Indo-China to the white uplands of Kenya—so many chronic problems becoming acute, and new evils appearing like the invention of "statutory" communism in South Africa—and all of this against the background of the impenetrable and malevolent Soviet threat.

So I am going to speak to you about that aspect of world affairs which increasingly will be of first importance to all of us. I am going to speak about the United States. I am going to suggest some hard thinking about our powerful neighbor upon whom so much depends. And I am going to dwell particularly upon those developments of the past few years which have caused so much alarm to so many of America's friends.

I do not propose to concern myself with the activities of the leaders of the last crusade since they raised their flag over the Citadel on

January the 20th. I shall leave to Mr. Stevenson the task of passing judgment upon whether General Motors is ascending to the general welfare or the Marshall Plan descending to the Dulles plot.

There are some people who would have us believe that the United States, so vital to our security, is passing through a new reptilian age. They have identified several varieties. There is the Senate Internal Security species who originated and after whom is named the legislation providing for mental X-Ray stations at the ports of entry. A man to whom Alistair Cooke in the *Manchester Guardian* attributes "a mind as barren as the Nevada hills from which he comes."

Another obvious specimen is Wisconsin's junior misanthrope who has set himself the task of fumigating the non-conformists out of Government and University. And there is the active newcomer—Mr. Velde of the House Un-American Activities Committee—who is introducing a bill to mark, as a national guide, all subversive passages in the several million books in the Library of Congress. But this latter really should not distress us unduly. It will probably pass the House but its passage in the Senate is doubtful. And even if it should become enacted, there will be the task of screening the censors—a lengthy and laborious process—and before the red ink begins to flow there may have been a change of heart if not of Administration.

The alarmists would point out to us the spectacle of the national council of a large church organization setting up a committee to investigate reports that the production of the *Revised Standard Edition* of the Bible was communist-inspired. But here again, the fears were unfounded and the judgment premature for the Committee has issued a preliminary report which would indicate that so far it has failed to uncover any sermon from Lenin's tomb or even any casting of bread upon the Volga.

All this of course is disturbing. All this and the attack of the national real-estate lobby upon the whole system of education and the banning in some (but not many) state institutions of some of the monuments of American learning. But it is understandable, if it is disturbing. It springs in large part from the fear and the panic which followed the incredible fact of Alger Hiss. And nowhere are the censors more censured than in their own country.

One would not deny that all this is dismal. But as the *New York Times* points out, it is reaching the stage where it must find resolution in a showdown, and I do not think we should despair of the outcome. We should never lose sight of the remarkable accomplishment of the transformation of the outlook of America in our time. This, and not Soviet hostility, is the signal fact of the past decade.

Like Edmund Burke, I am going to offer a *Conciliation with America*, and for the same five considerations advanced by Burke, three or four weeks before Lexington and Paul Revere. In the first place, there are so many Americans and in the second place their commerce and industry and power are "out of all proportion beyond the numbers of the people."

In the third place, despite the disquieting and discolouring developments of recent years "a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole." I think we still have the right to continue to believe that the melancholy episodes of the moment constitute the *lesser* American theme, and that the *major* tradition, the genuine, authentic article is the one which has passed down in implacable if broken descent from the author of the Declaration of Independence to the author of the great liberal pronouncements of last September and October.

Burke's fourth point is equally valid today. There is in America a dedication to sound learning as profound as that to be found anywhere on the face of the earth. Last of all with Burke, but first with us, there is the consideration of distance, and our concern is the precise opposite of his. Our nation is but a narrow ribbon along the northern periphery of the great republic. As the Massey Report expressed it—we do not even have the advantage of defence in depth. We are largely at the mercy, for good or evil, of every breath of American culture which sweeps across our extended border.

Now, what shall we say about the comparative tranquility, the flaccid insensibility which prevails in this country? We do not have the persecution of an Owen Lattimore, but neither do we have an Owen Lattimore. We do not have an Attorney General's list of subversive organizations, but if Canadians had one, they wouldn't know it, and if they knew it, they wouldn't read it.

The tranquility and the strength of our liberal society rests largely upon past achievements rather than present accomplishments. Above all, it rests upon the incomparable heritage of English law and British institutions. But our tradition of liberty is not an endless bank account against which we can issue countless cheques. Some current deposits must be made. In the atmosphere of a continent where the prevailing winds at best are democratic rather than liberal and in the setting of a threatened global conflict, the charges levied against the accumulated fund will increase in number and in size.

With this rambling narrative in mind, I would leave with you two thoughts and two alone.

First, we should not accept too readily the proposition that the voice of Canada should be the invariable echo of the voice of America, and we should examine with some care what is being called the "thesis of the inside track at Washington."

Americans have the remarkable facility for creating the worst impression of the best intention. Lenin said (as late as the 1920's), "America can never come to terms with Europe. That is a fact. It is proven by history." Perhaps we could help to prove that Lenin was wrong if we played a more vocal and a more open role in international affairs. It should have begun with the issue of the admission of Argentina to the United Nations in 1945, but did not.

We are in a position to speak out where others are not, and as we merge more and more into a community of interest, where conditions warrant we should assume more consciously the role of a loyal opposition. What a fillip it would have been to Western Europe as well as to ourselves if the searching questions on Formosa asked by Senator Sparkman, rather than the puzzling answers he received, had been echoed by a Canadian spokesman. Perhaps we are consigning ourselves to a position incommensurate to our fortune, inadequate to our responsibility, and unequal to our opportunity.

We may well receive the modest accolades reserved for those who are first to occupy what in time becomes the common meeting ground, and we may bask in the role of "advance party" to the area of compromise. But in diplomacy as in war, one should attempt to achieve objectives rather than to occupy territory. Canadians are

probably resigned to mediocrity in their domestic affairs. It seems to be the condition of political survival. But it would be a great misfortune if our domestic necessity were to become our diplomatic religion.

The second thought I would leave with you is this: we should not feel constrained to abandon ourselves completely to the cultural role of the carbon copy. Congressman Short, defending Canada from Senator Russell's charge that we were not pulling our weight in Korea was reported as advancing the imperishable postulate that Canada is not just another nation, but "America's back yard." This conception may be considered as falling short of immaculate.

It is of course a matter of counter-balancing, not of eliminating. There was a time when Canadians would have rushed to endorse the inoffensive pun of the first Gov. Talmadge of Georgia when he said, "We do not propose to be Yankee diddled." Today, I am not so sure. The diddling is delightful. But one reading of Mill's *On Liberty* should offset a year's subscription to *Time* magazine.

Who is going to read Mill? You are, I hope. I would not suggest that this great reservoir of potential leadership which we see before us will have an immediate impact upon the great affairs of state. But you can be effective citizens and contribute heavily to what Thomas Huxley once called the "variable of political calcula-

tion." Education can be more than "an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity," and it is more than likely the sole remaining technique of survival of Canadian individuality.

Do not conclude that I am urging the formation of "Nellie McClung Clubs" or "Un-American Activities Committees." But I do urge you to active citizenship. And if the Adullamites present will permit me to paraphrase John Dewey (that progressive-conservative or whatever he is of modern education), the process of education is three-fold—enrichment, liberation and action. First you read. Then you think. Then you act.

I would like to make one final remark before giving way to Mr. Cook for the rebuttal.

I was cautioned that my address should contain a word of hope and encouragement if not of optimism. And it is this. Our civilization—in the phrase of our friend Arnold Toynbee—is "not necessarily doomed." It will probably survive if it is worth surviving, and its worth is determined largely by the measure of its freedom. And freedom today is a complex not a simple structure. Illumined by a set of principles, and with a superstructure of proven institutions, if it is not based upon such prosaic items as foodstuff, and braced by security against a host of anxieties, it is at best ill-equipped to withstand the force of the calculated gales which rage against it.

Valedictory Address, 1953

ROGER MAYBANK

THIS banquet and dance, tonight, will probably be the last occasion at which the class of '53 will have the opportunity to be together as a unit. Before very long we shall have passed through the flames and shall have emerged, we hope, unscathed; or at least not more than slightly charred. Then, in all probability, we shall go careening off in every direction.

But a good many of us are undecided, at present, as to just what direction we shall take. I know that I, myself, have very little idea concerning what course I shall pursue after I

graduate (supposing I do graduate). At the time I entered the university I had my future fairly well mapped out; but fresh knowledge that I have gained, such as it is, has made that chart inadequate without providing me with a new one. Moreover, from all appearances mine does not seem to be an isolated case; almost everyone wonders what he is fitted for now that he has his B.A. and the general question appears to be: Where do we go from here?

Where indeed? The past three or four years during which we have lived surrounded by ivy

have to some extent isolated us from the habits of thought of the majority of men and women. This isolation has had its merits in that we have been able to develop more freely on our own; it has also bred, however, a baseless feeling of vague superiority. Too many of us have tended to regard with undue scorn mere workaday humanity.

Now that we must go and live among them, what can our contribution be to society? That is to say, what advantage have we gained from this time spent at United College? Are we now merely in possession of a few more facts and figures than our neighbours, so that, as a result, we are able to confound them with our newly-acquired, pigeon-holed learning? If that is all that we have achieved then our time has certainly been wasted; most anyone can consult an encyclopedia if he so desires. If, however, our lengthier education has increased our capacity for thought and has encouraged continued enquiry into the nature of man and society, then we have at least made a beginning in striving toward a fuller meaning in life.

But the university student, upon emerging from his four year retreat, is all too prone to ask: Now, what can I do with my B.A.? The answer is, of course, virtually nothing—in a material way. Our degrees will not pronounce us proficient at any trade which might augment the national income. The very purpose of the education preceding the degree is to persuade the student that life consists of infinitely more than the contents of a pay envelope. Taxes may be truth but they are by no means the whole truth. Into the mundaneness of modern existence it is the duty and opportunity of the graduating student to introduce concepts and ideas which rise above the fear and conformity of the modern man. It is, unfortunately, most unlikely that many of us will see this aim as the logical culmination of our university careers.

The chief inhibitor to the student achieving what should be his purpose in life is that he is so little different from people on the other side of the ivy curtain. Like them he conforms to established customs and has a great fear of

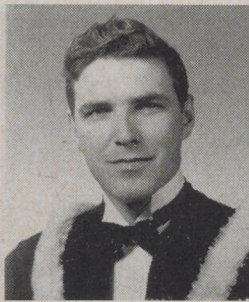
being left alone. Each student seems to feel that any mask he may assume in public will be more appreciated than his real personality; and the masks are to a large extent all the same. Everyone seems to think that the most acceptable person at university is one who is proficient at producing the witty remark or the retort. The result is that bright conversation is pushed to the breaking point because of a general fear that a lull in the talk would prove us to be socially inadequate. In many ways we have not yet learned how to be individuals first and members of society afterwards. The student is by no means immune from the conformity of man to established social practices. When he goes into the outer world, therefore, great courage and strength of purpose will be required if he is to live in society and not succumb to its prejudices. All too often, it seems easier to float with the current of popular opinion than to struggle constantly against it. But such a course is easier only insofar as one would not perhaps experience any acute pain, though there would be little relief from the boredom of being normal and well adjusted.

The graduate of a university should use his unequalled opportunity to pursue a genuinely creative existence. Only as an individual, and as a growing individual, can he possibly do this. Society as a whole has never created, and never will create, anything of value. It is only the dilute solution of the greatness of each man. We, after our few years of learning should be able to realize this fact. We shall have studied in vain if, upon our departure, we relax into our habits of thought at the time of our entry into university life. Rather than accept the present superficial mode of existence of modern man, we should try to achieve the deeper satisfaction of being true individuals. The stagnation in society can be lessened only by the creative work of each separate person. Society being the natural result of the capacity of man, it can increase in worth and beauty only as man increases his own inherent, though fairly limited value. Only by aiming at a more meaningful existence for ourselves, as individuals, shall we prove valuable to the world around us.

Fourth Year GRADUATING CLASS United College, 1953



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MORDEN, MAN.



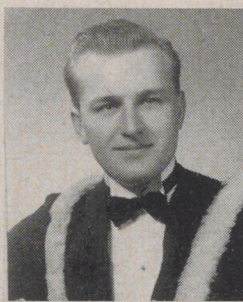
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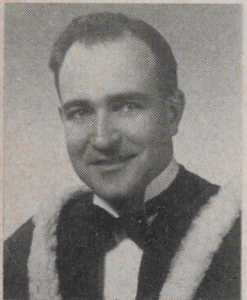
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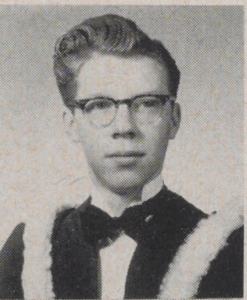
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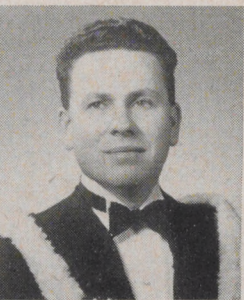
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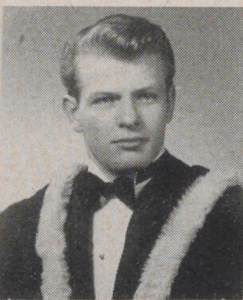
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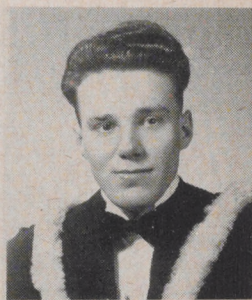
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WINNIPEG, MAN.



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MORDEN, MAN.



ALEXANDER W.
EWANCHUK
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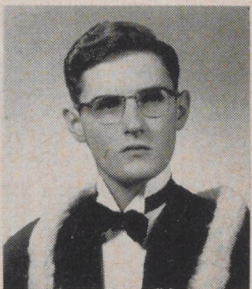
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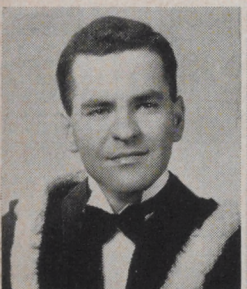
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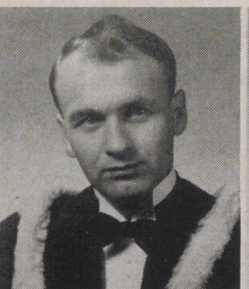
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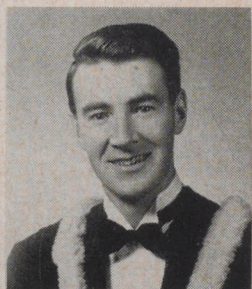
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GWEN HASSELFIELD
DELORAINE, MAN.



HARVEY HEDLEY
HAMIOTA, MAN.

Intimate little jottings re the fourth year grads

In intimate little print

ARNOTT, ETHEL:

Ethel hails originally from Morden, Manitoba. She has two years of teaching to her credit. Interested in baseball, bowling, and curling. Tends to her apartment, "loves" doing differential equations, and tutors Maths on the side. Best of luck in your chosen career, Ethel.

BAILEY, CECIL:

Here's a busy man for you. Teaches at Tech-Voc., minister of the Church of Christ, and on top of this attends classes. In addition he is a married man with five children. Ambition (as if he hasn't done enough): B.A. and B.Ed.

BAUMAN, ADIN:

Sincere and friendly, student minister for the Presbyterian Church, so besides his studies he has the responsibilities of his congregation. His manse is adorned by a "wee wife" so he must also be commended for accepting the responsibilities of a home-maker. We wish him the best of luck in his future work.

BEATTIE, PATRICIA:

Pat's charming personality and friendly dark eyes will long be remembered by her classmates. Has trod many an executive path at United, Vice-President, and a member of the U.C.S.C. and Coed Councils in 1st, 2nd, and 3rd years. Currently President of the college V.C.F. and active member of Alpha Phi Sorority.

BLAZEWICZ, BERNICE:

A St. John's Tech grad. Likes swimming, dancing, roller skating. Has a passion — for collecting records. Member of Sigma Kappa Sorority. Came to United after deciding she didn't like working for a living. Headed for the field of education.

CHORNOUS, EDWARD

Big, blond northender, Eddy "Pepsodent" Chornous spends his spare time joking or expounding deep philosophical theories in English, Economics, or Psychology. Helps in the program department at the "Y." His B.A. will lead to a meal ticket along Economic lines.

CHRISTIE, JOAN:

Shares with Don the gavel on Senior Council as well as partaking of almost all other activities in the college. Without her the girls' hockey team would have trouble guarding their goal — but not with the way Joan fills up the net. Will be travelling to the Scottish heath this spring and after that — well anything would be anticlimatic.

CLARKSON, KENNETH:

Residence's "ham" theologian. Worked with T.C.A. before coming to United and keeps in practice during the summer months. Although he hails from Saskatchewan, Ken likes long trips to the Northland, especially with car trouble. Theology will keep him at United for three more years.

COODIN, RUTH:

After Medical College, Ruth came to United. She is interested in "the better things in life" — classical music, etc. Takes the most copious English notes in the college. Future: Education.

COOK, RAMSAY:

The "Quiet Man" of Residence. History Honours, a scholar, and — (?) Sees all, hears all, reads all, and, unfortunately, knows all. President of Fourth Year — he and "Sig" make a terrific one-two punch. Stock answer, "I haven't got time." Likes United so well he's coming back to do Fifth Year work.

CROCKER, ALBERT:

Home town, Fort William, Ontario. Enjoys all sports, particularly skiing and skating. Trademark, the greeting, "Hi, Chicken!" Al claims his hobby is paleontology (?). Works part time with boys' groups. Future includes post-grad work in Chemistry.

DENISON, DONALD:

Rules the roost as Senior Stick this year. Ex of Morden, Don came to United from the army, whence he returns after Convocation. Came up through Council via an excellent job as Building Fund Chairman. His fondness for Chinese cooking has been pretty hard on the waistline, but we expect the Army will soon take care of that.

DYCK, EDMOND:

A Winkler product. Married man with a Th.B. degree from the Mennonite Brethren Bible College. Hobbies: skiing, fishing, baseball, reading, and eating. Further interests: newspaper work, medicine, law, politics, etc. Ed has covered a variety of jobs but is still undecided as to the future.

EFFLER, MARSHALL:

Majors in curling (and History). Can be seen frequently in Tony's with the boys from Economics. A Railroad man in the summer, and a "great Dane" fancier all year round, Marsh is sure to find a winning combination.

ENNS, HERMAN

Hails from Springstein. Fled from Fort Garry and Medical College to crown his academic career with a B.A. from United College — he hopes! Active in I.V.C.F. and Interfaith. Aims to follow in the footsteps of his father by pursuing the mysteries of theology.

EWANCHUK, ALEXANDER:

Formerly from Gimli, has taught for several years in Gimli and in Winnipeg. Interests are many: soccer, baseball, hockey, bridge, light classics, international affairs, and Sociology. Frequent visitor to Tony's, "for coffee only." Social welfare work is a prospect for the future.

FAERMAN, BATYA:

Graduate of St. John's Tech, Batya has travelled in Europe and spent a year in Israel. Has taught in kindergarten. Now a faithful English Honours student whose wit brightens many of "Bob's" classes. Her famous wit also occasionally graces the pages of the Manitoban. Will marry in June and make her home in the U.S.

FINLAY, DONALDA:

Miss Social of 1952-53. Built a float all by herself. 491 Stiles has been a happy haven for certain Fourth Year students. Plans to end up in Social Work (she took Psych!) — You can always "Bank" on Donnie, especially for Grads' Farewell.

GAUER, JOAN:

Our "athletic gal" — this is her second year as head of the U.C. Girls' Athletics. Takes part in volleyball, basketball, swimming, track and field, and what have you. Joan has attended S.C.M. spring camp and has contributed her talents to Stunt Nite. She will make a terrific phys.-ed. instructor.

GERMAIN, GARRY:

Of late better known as "fat boy" or "lumpy." The pride and joy of Sparling Hall, we fear he may end up permanently in Selkirk. Has an aversion to essays and 8:40's even greater than usual in Fourth Year. A typical Arts student with future "undecided." May take a stab at teaching next year.

GIELZECKI, FRANK:

A resident of St. Vital, Frank likes chess, curling and astronomy. Girl friends? "At times." !!!(?). Frank manages to fit a full-time job with Imperial Oil in between classes. Plans to enter chemical engineering.

GILLIES, DONALD:

Don returned to United this year to complete his Arts after two years in the working world — the Post Office and the R.C.M.P. Interested in all outdoor activities and (quote) Chesterfield Rugby (?). Future undecided, but perhaps the Mounties.

GLOWE, MATTHEW:

Senior Matric from United. Taught for three years, then returned for a B.A. Works part time as a substitute teacher. Enjoys skiing, skating and swimming. Reluctantly admits that he sings. Future in the field of education.

GLUTEK, DAVID:

The "strong man" of Residence. Better known as "Casa-nova." Dave has a "strong" interest in the opposite sex — all of them! Struggling with Science subjects in hopes of entering the faculty of Medicine.

GREEN, LIONEL:

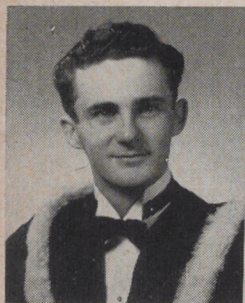
Has come all the way from Jamaica to grace United's halls and then commutes daily from St. John's College, where he is a resident. One of the many exiles from French III. Had the misfortune to fall ill while home for Christmas, and we wish him every success in catching up.

GROSSER, RENIE:

Saw the light and transferred from the "farm" at Ft. Garry. Hobbies: spinning, tatting, weaving, and needling (profs). Interested in cooking, sewing, reading, and listening (to profs). Member of Delta Phi Epsilon and Choral Society. Future plans, (quote): "Always a spooner, never a spouse."

HALL, JOYCE:

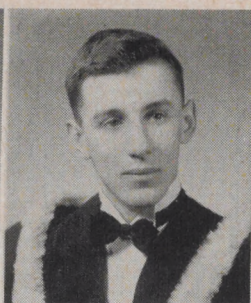
A blonde, smiling (always) Sparlingite, Joyce has returned to finish her degree after a year in exile — teaching. Favorite pastime (?) — lamenting about statistics labs. Plans to enter nursing next year.



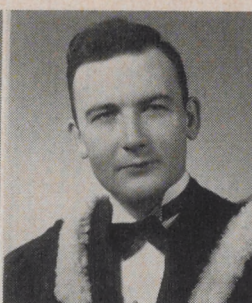
WILLIAM HOWIE
THE PAS, MAN.



NORMA JOHNSTON
REGINA, SASK.



WILLIAM J. KLEMPA
THE PAS, MAN.



JACOB KRUEGER
ALTONA, MAN.



DOROTHY KRISTJANSON
WINNIPEG, MAN.



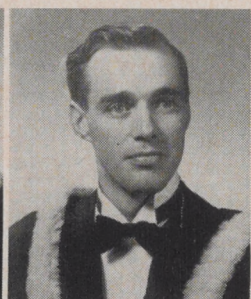
PATRICIA LARSON
WINNIPEG, MAN.



DOUGLAS LUYENDYK
WINNIPEG, MAN.



IRIS D. MACDONALD
VISTA, MAN.



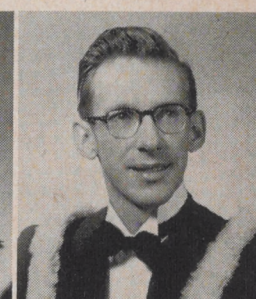
ALVIN MACKLING
WINNIPEG, MAN.



ANN MacLEAN
WINNIPEG, MAN.



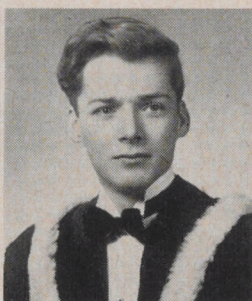
J. MERLYN MacLEAN
WINNIPEG, MAN.



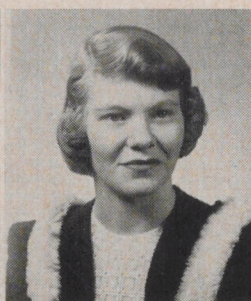
HUGH MAKEPIECE
BASSWOOD, MAN.



SONJA MANDZIUK
OAKBURN, MAN.



ROGER MAYBANK
WINNIPEG, MAN.



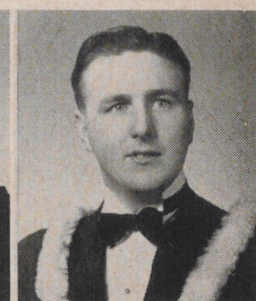
ARDYCE MAYES
WINNIPEG, MAN.



OLIVE E. MAZURE
GRANDVIEW, MAN.



DESMOND McCALMONT
WINNIPEG, MAN.



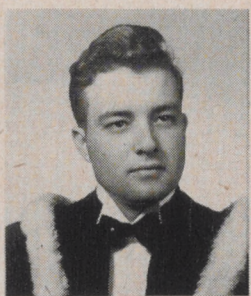
DESMOND McCONNELL
WESTBOURNE, MAN.



MARIANNE McKAY
SWAN RIVER, MAN.



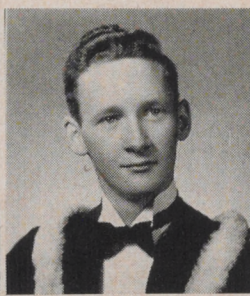
KENNETH McVEY
GRANDVIEW, MAN.



VICTOR MEARON
WINNIPEG, MAN.



PATRICIA METZLER
GREAT FALLS, MAN.



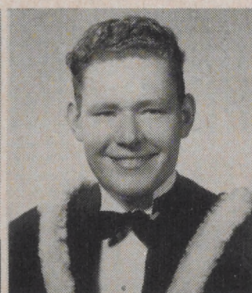
FRASER MULDREW
WINNIPEG, MAN.



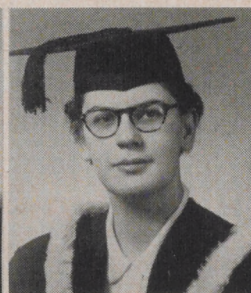
**CONNIE (NIMCHUK)
SARCHUK**
EDMONTON, ALTA.



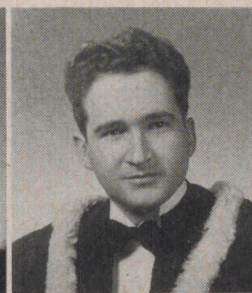
ROSALIE PODOBA
WINNIPEG, MAN.



BARRY POGUE
BAGOT, MAN.



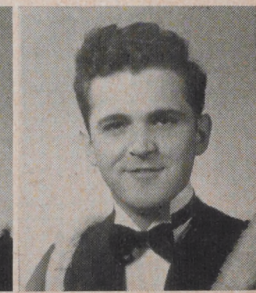
LOIS REIMER
WINNIPEG, MAN.



SAUL RIFKIN
SELKIRK, MAN.



MARION ROSS
WINNIPEG, MAN.



ALBERT ROTHENBERGER
WINNIPEG, MAN.

HARRIS, JOSEPH:

Born in Toledo, Ohio. Outside interests: girls, summer school, sleep, and girls. Still thinks all classes begin at ten to. Invaluable for his contribution of props to the stunt nite skit in Third Year. Active frat member. Returning South after graduation.

HASSELFIELD, GWEN:

Gwen is the tall, red-haired individual seen in and around Sparling Hall. Her activities are of a rather different nature; e.g., she played "Haste Thee Nymph" as an example of Protestant music at Interfaith. Gwen feels that her future will be bright indeed if she can (1) find her English Honors classes, and (2) make a life-long friend of Dean Morrison.

HEDLEY, HARVEY:

Residence President and a hit in the skit, Harvey "I Tot I Taw a Democwat." Hedley returns to his teaching career next year. Restricts his clowning to Residence and outside is known as a student and a serious and active member of the S.C.M.

HILL, HELEN:

Helen came to us via Transcona Collegiate. She has taught Sunday School and was a member of the Y.P.U. there. Interested mainly in the theatre and poetry. Helped publish Creative Campus. In charge of Theatre Night this year. Plans are indefinite: Social Work, Sociology, or an M.A. in English.

HOWIE, WILLIAM:

Don of Men's Residence and a capable Fourth Year Social Rep. An "engaging" personality — Bill "nursed" his Xmas vacation at the Coast a week overtime. Doing Honors work in English this year, Bill will enter the faculty of Theology.

JOHNSTON, NORMA:

Reared by the shores of beautiful Lake Wascana (Regina to the uneducated). Claims Regina is a paradise and altho' we don't believe her, she does consume a large number of apples. Rumor from Sparling Hall, scene of many a dramatic symposium, has it that the day she collected her Sociology and History Scholarship was not the only dramatic moment of her life (?). Future work in Library Science.

KLEMPA, WILLIAM:

We looked and there he was . . . John Calvin, Jr. The only Vice-President of Men's Residence who can always be found in the midst of a long, loud bull session; President of the Presbyterian Fellowship; student assistant at First Presbyterian Church, Philosophy Honors; future—Presbyterian ministry and an M.A. in Philosophy.

KRITSJANSON, DOROTHY:

Beginning as United's Freshie Queen, Dorothy has followed an active round of college activities. Has quietly but efficiently contributed to college life in fields varying from Athletics to Dramatics (if you think Stunt Nite may be so called). Invaluable on the Co-ed Council. Plans to become a social worker.

KRUEGER, JACOB:

Born in the Ukraine. Works part time with the C.N.R. Express. In his "younger days" participated in hockey, baseball, curling, track and field. Won a scholarship in German III. A trip to Mexico is in the offing, then perhaps the teaching profession.

LARSON, PATRICIA:

Here's proof that good things come in small packages. Spends most of her time attending philosophy classes. Makes buckets of money but loses her appetite at Canada Packers each summer. Pat is "marshalling" her forces for a future as a lab technician.

LEARY, BRUCE:

Bruce comes from Minnetonas, Manitoba. Taught at St. John's College school. In the R.O.T.S. of the R.C.A.F. Interested in curling, hockey and baseball. Hobby is bridge. Plans to do post-grad work in personnel management.

LUYENDYK, DOUG:

Daniel Mac grad. Celebrated for his magnificent portrayal of the corpse in the Fourth Year skit. Studious — stays awake in 8:40's in Philosophy and International Relations. Future? Who knows? A trip to Mexico comes first.

McADAM, JOAN:

One of our fine student warblers — you know, like a nightingale. Is taking English Honors and, no doubt, by now has read part of the course, despite Mr. Hallstead's opposition. Has a great future, I guess — everyone in Vox has a great future.

McCONNELL, DESMOND:

Born and raised in Northern Ireland. Des picked up a wife in the Maritimes, and is now student minister at Westbourne, — for the Presbyterian Church. Chief exponent of Britain's point of view at Macalaster Conference. Presbyterian Theology is next step.

McCORMICK, GRETCHEN:

A music lover of the first degree, Gretchen plays both the piano and the violin. What would the string quartette be without her? Member of the Tip Top Club — likes men over six feet. Next year — Medicine.

MACDONALD, IRIS:

"Skippy" to her friends. Played mother to half the residence for two years. Interested in music (claims that she sings) and athletics (has an award to prove it). Extra-curricular activities — big, blonde, and medical. Vista made a real contribution.

McKAY, MARIANNE:

The pride of Sparling Hall. Loves to sing, dance and do History. Will take Swan River by storm this spring. McKay characteristic — can't seem to keep away from Radicals.

MacLEAN, EFFIE ANN:

Kelvin grad. "Euphemia" is a rarity in our class; she's quiet. Interested in sports generally — particularly swimming, volleyball, curling, basketball. An S.C.M.'er. Ann was one of the fortunate people who went to the Vancouver Conference. An active Y.P.U. member. Considering Social Work.

MacLEAN, MERLYN:

A very "popular" girl from Elmwood. Must be something of a magician to combine so many extra curricular activities with her academic work — Secretary of the U.C.S.C., S.C.M., W.C.T.U., and B.A. (she hopes).

McVEY, KENNETH:

Sword-dancer extraordinary. Mr. "Moneybags" of the U.C.S.C. and a good Residence lad. Another convert to History honors and there are possibilities of Fifth Year unless he vanishes with "Brigadoon." Has developed an interest in libraries, but hasn't yet found the Music Room.

MACKLING, ALVIN:

Very efficient Chairman of Current Affairs and of Debating in the past two years. Mr. Coldwell's right hand man on the campus. Plans to enter law next year. Silent man in the Fourth Year skit, but very vocal on Council.

MAKEPEACE, HUGH:

Another of the "chosen few" who inhabit the fifth floor of the main building. Between French honors, music and Garry, Hugh manages to keep fully occupied. Plans to resume his teaching career next year.

MANDZIUK, SONJA:

"Bashful blonde from Oakburn, Manitoba." Favorite subject is Maths. Sonja is a member of the Alpha Omega Sorority. Pet aversion: English and Tony's hot dogs. Male interest in the States. Future: teaching.

MARTIN, BARRY:

Oakville's contribution to our hallowed halls. Firm believer in the continued good relationship between the Residences. "Norma"lly found in Tony's several times per day. Plans to take law in Alberta next year.

MAYBANK, ROGER:

Chairman of Debating and perennial vice-chairman of Current Affairs. Enchanting personality — enhanced by car — has a permanent seat in Tony's. Honorary member of Residence, but refused to be initiated. Envy of the Honors History faction — going to do a year of post-grad work at Oxford. Will end up eventually in law.

MAYES, ARDYCE:

A recruit from Brandon College, rumour has it she still has "interests" there. A Sparlingite this year—had to get up too early to make 8:40's from St. Vital. Taught school last year. Taking Honors English; plans a return engagement with the teaching profession.

MAZURE, OLIVE:

Don't let that shy smile fool you—our Ollie wows them with the best. Blooms best in the mountain air around Lake Louise, where she spends her summers. Future undecided but Eastern pastures look very green—especially around Toronto.

MEARON, VICTOR:

One of the Older Boys from the Tuxis and Older Boys' Parliament and proud possessor of the college's only complete catalogue of short girls; a liberal-spirited and active member of the Anglican Young People's Association, he wants to liberally soak himself in Law—(the after-life). The male half of the Social Committee this year.

METZLER, PATRICIA:

"Little Pat" seems to have an affinity for secretarial jobs—has been on the executive of the S.C.M. during her three years at Uni"Ted." Badminton convenor, also plays volleyball, and curls. Active in Stunt Nite and Varsity Varieties. Has suddenly become interer"Ted" in civic affairs.

MULDREW, FRASER:

"They laughed when I stood up" — a knack of keeping people in stitches at pep rallies, and tea dances; worked like a teddy-bear on those curling schedules; belongs to Robertson Memorial Y.P.U. and haunts Camp Robertson, at Gimli, regularly; headed for Theology.

McCALMONT, DESMOND:

"Des does everything," youth work at Stella mission, Past President of Manitoba Conference Y.P.U., Chairman of U.C. Theatre, S.C.M., and a terrific "Jeff" in "Brigadoon." Between these activities, he does manage to attend the odd class. Postponing going to work for three more years by entering Theology.



DORCAS RUNIONS
WINNIPEG, MAN.



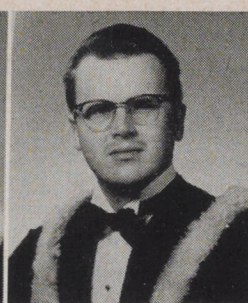
JOYCE RUTLEDGE
NEEPAWA, MAN.



HELEN SCURFIELD
WINNIPEG, MAN.



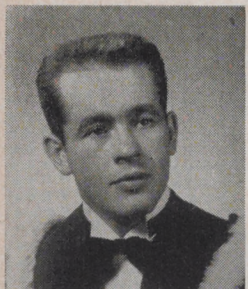
GORDON SENOFF
VICEROY, SASK.



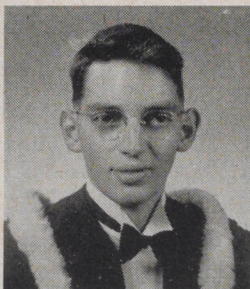
GORDON SHANNON
WINNIPEG, MAN.



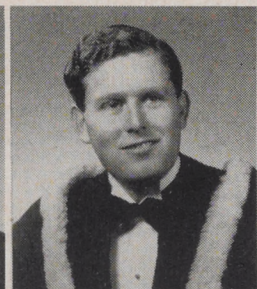
KATHLEEN SIGURJONSSON
MAKAROFF, MAN.



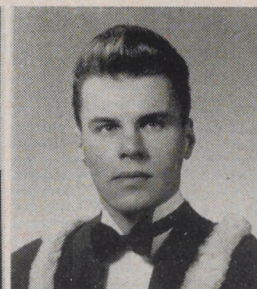
WILLIAM OWEN
WINNIPEG, MAN.



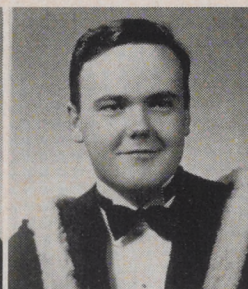
JOHN PETERSON
WINNIPEG, MAN.



ELDON SIMMS
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
MAN.



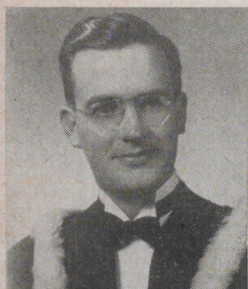
MICHAEL SKWARK
WINNIPEG, MAN.



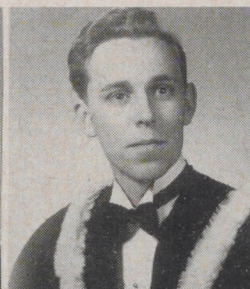
JAMES SMITH
WINNIPEG, MAN.



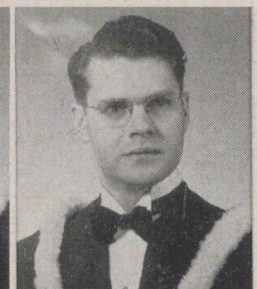
AUDETTE SWANSON
FORT FRANCES, ONT.



BLAINE THIERRY
MINNEDOSA, MAN.



STEWART TORRIE
MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.



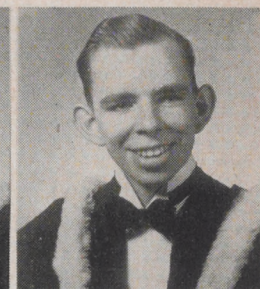
WILFRID WADDELL
SPERLING, MAN.



BRUCE WALLACE
WINNIPEG, MAN.



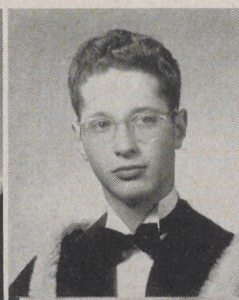
ANNE WATT
RENNIE, MAN.



DONALD WATT
WINNIPEG, MAN.



ALBERT CROCKER
WINNIPEG, MAN.



JOSEPH HARRIS
WINNIPEG, MAN.



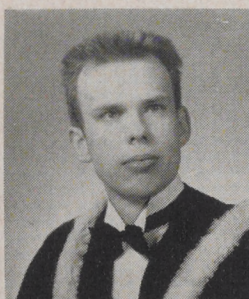
GRETCHEN McCORMICK
CARDALE, SASK.



BARRY MARTIN
OAKVILLE, MAN.



JOAN McADAM
WINNIPEG, MAN.



JOHANNES SIGURDSON
WINNIPEG, MAN.



HELEN HILL
WINNIPEG, MAN.



PHYLLIS WILDER
WINNIPEG, MAN.



MARGARET WILSON
WINNIPEG, MAN.



GLORIA ZAKUS
WINNIPEG, MAN.

SARCHUK (NIMCHUK), CONNIE:

Connie hails from way out West—Edmonton, Alta. She is one of those lucky girls who got her Mrs. before her B.A. (last November). Faithful attendee of all Psychology and Sociology classes. Favorite pastime: cooking. Ambition: already achieved.

OWEN, WILLIAM:

"Bashing Billy" is a great basketball player. Has played for Whirlaways in the Junior League, and plays for the United College Senior B team. Spends most of his time at the Y.M.C.A. where he is on a fellowship in phys-ed work. After his B.A. he will probably take on full time "Y" work.

PETERSON, JOHN:

Another of Millar's loyal disciples; John, it seems, plans a wayfarer's career, travelling the byways of the world with a half horsepower paddle—this, of course, depends upon his finding a theft-proof canoe. The departure of this bright light will farther dim our hallowed halls.

PODOBA, ROSALIE:

A Daniel Mac grad. Rosalie is all tied up in music—violinist for the U. Glee Club, and for the U. String Orchestra in the Choral Concert. Also sings in the Philharmonic Orchestra. Will marry in May and raise little Pharmacists.

POGUE, BARRY:

Sheriff of Men's Residence, "Pogo" is prominent among U.C.'s "Bible-thumping" brigade. Always on his way somewhere to do something for someone. Barry will be back next year to take Theology.

REIMER, LOIS:

So urbane, so blasé, so witty, so "cultural," so suave, smooth, and sophisticated—loved by faculty and students—a nature lover—and a true friend to all. Will cut someone's throat when she reads this. Has the college's only complete catalogue of tall men.

RIFKIN, SAUL:

One hundred ninety pounds of solid muscle (?). Comes in from Selkirk every day. Enjoys rugby, practices weight lifting, and swimming at the "Y." Often the centre of a lively discussion in Tony's, particularly re: Psychology and Craggology. Apparently the feminine interest also attends United.

ROSS, MARION:

If you are looking for a quiet little girl with a remarkable sensitivity for music and also one who enjoys boating—S.S. Keenora style—Marion is the one to contact.

ROTHENBERGER, ALBERT:

A grad of Isaac Newton High School — active in church functions. Will go into the ministry as soon as he completes his B.A. Divides his time between the Free Press and his girl friend's home.

RUNIONS, DORCAS:

It's "Ray, Ray" for Dorcas. Dorcas's activities extend far and wide — all the way from Vancouver and Chateau Lake Louise (where she spends her summers) to Winnipeg's Cornish Library and dear old United. Scholarships have come her way deservedly as academics have been first and foremost. May the future beam "Ray's" of happiness and success to you.

RUTLEDGE, JOYCE:

A real Residence type. Sang in the famous Residence trio (with Marianne and Iris). Is the butt of all the jokes—just makes her a bit "fluttery." Gets all her prescriptions at Grosvenor and Stafford where she has a "Bill."

SCURFIELD, HELEN:

An exile from Fort Garry who decided she wanted a degree that meant something. Honors English—when she has to; S.C.M. President, Glee Clubber, Manitoban staff, Brown and Gold rep., and dozens of other things too numerous to mention. Likes celery, raw carrots, and past U.M.S.U. presidents. Headed for Education next year—but will be taking correspondence courses from Oxford.

SENOFF, GORDON:

From Saskatchewan. Gordon is quite studious — never misses an 8:40 in Philosophy! Likes music, a V.C.F. enthusiast. He already has a Theology degree from the Winnipeg Bible Institute and College of Theology. Future, of course, is Theology.

SHANNON, GORDON:

Best publicity man the S.C.M. has had in years! Sings a vicious baritone in Chapel Choir and Choral Society, and is an excellent addition to any play reading; interested in Politics and History; belongs to Regents Park Y.P.U. He's adjusting his gears for that three-year Theology grind.

SIGURSON, JOHANNES:

A Gordon Bell grad who is very reticent about his outside interests—other sources confirm the fact that "Still waters run deep." Future is indefinite but certain to be successful.

SIGURJONSSON, KATHLEEN:

Red Cook's Vice in Fourth Year; has a permanent spot in Tony's. Biggest accomplishment since coming to United — found the library last month. Wrote a Stunt Nite winner and is hanging on for Fifth Year English. Chief scholastic loves—Eliot, Auden, and MacLure.

SILBER, ELSA:

Elsa's idea of light chatter is the philosophic contribution of Kant to the modern world. A solver of world problems when not occupied with a "Y" ping pong table. Future plans? Well, we can only say that no one knows what Elsa will do next.

SIMMS, ELDON:

Originally college was to take second place to hockey with Don, but the History bug hit him and his plans were quickly changed. Don plans to take Education next year and follow his father's footsteps into the teaching field.

SKWARK, MICHAEL:

Graduate of Isaac Newton High School; sports captain of Fourth Year. One of the original members of the Stellar basketball team. Captain of the team which won the Canadian Junior title two years running; a good student, Mike hopes to enter Law next year. Neither reckless nor "Ruth" less.

SMITH, JAMES:

Our able Senior U.M.S.U. rep., Jim has an aversion to meetings which last until 3 a.m., but maintains, "I like N.F.C.U.S., because . . . "in several volumes, Jim was Fourth Year's victim in the Christmas "diamonditis" rush. Law's gain will be United's loss.

SWANSON, AUDETTE:

Our blonde, blue-eyed Audette hails from Fort Francis, that last Canadian outpost, and is an expert on the American male. But do not mistake us, for she also studies French. A good student, but Dr. Leathers knows her ability to fiddle. We predict that she will have a good deal of influence on the youth of tomorrow via Education.

THIERRY, BLAINE:

Minnedosa's contribution to Residence; on Residence executive and active in S.C.M. activities. Quiet and unassuming, Blaine will do well in his chosen profession as a United Church minister.

TORRIE, STEWART:

This Alberta lad hails from Medicine Hat. Gives some of his time to the Y.P.U., but is mainly interested in hunting and fishing, fishing, and hunting, in that order. Future as yet indefinite.

WADDELL, WILFRID:

After a few years of farming at Sperling, Wilf turned to Theology. Accomplished hand at light housekeeping. From beguiling poor Arts students to enter Theology Wilf will devote full time to his calling next year—before his friends persuade him to do post-grad work in matrimony.

WALLACE, BRUCE:

Theatre, debating, photography, and publicity—take your pick and you'll find "Karsh" there—active on Theatre Council as stage manager, and has participated in Stunt Nite, Theatre Nite, Varsity Varieties, Bldg. Fund Show, and inter-fac drama. Active in inter-house curling. This past year Bruce has been starring as Publicity Rep. for Debating.

WATT, DONALD:

There was never a boy more full of enthusiasm than Dor. Favorite expression—"Say, I've got an idea!"—One! He has hundreds of them. An earnest student and a faithful V.C.F.'er; a loyal friend. Plans to enter the ministry.

WATT, ANNE:

Modest and quiet, Anne goes her busy way producing beautiful posters for the V.C.F., trying her hand at oils, raising her mink coat at home in Rennie, and living the life of a good scholar at United. Always ready with a willing hand. Future: School marm. Secret ambition: to produce a new operatic version of Othello.

WERIER, HARRY:

"Split past" at St. John's Tech and Daniel Mac. Photography, swimming, arts, and poetry are his fields. Harry served overseas with the army, spending time in Europe and England. Finds Psychology fascinating. Hopes for a Masters in Psychology or in Social Work.

WIELER, ALVIN:

Arrived at United via a stretch at newspaper work with the Altona "Echo." Avid student of Craggology, and is occasionally seen solving world problems with Harry Crowe in Tony's. Future will probably involve a return to journalism.

WILDER, PHYLLIS:

A faithful Hillelite, Phyl was elected to their executive this year as chairman of Social. Her social life also includes the Iota Alpha Pi Sorority of which she is currently Secretary. Outside academic fields, Phyl still finds time to act as Managing Editor of the "Uniter" where she has been nicknamed "Sniffles."

WILSON, MARGARET:

On graduating this year Marg will be sporting both a B.A. and a B.Sc. Her main interest lies in her job as supervisor on the Public Parks and Recreation Board. Marg was the originator of "Help Day" in this year's Freshie Week Program. In addition to her other talents Marg is said to be quite a decorator.

ZAKUS, GLORIA:

That tall, dark, and attractive Miss who surprisingly enough has added to these qualities an enthusiasm for Lake Louise, bowling, swimming, a faculty for winning scholarships, and a keen interest in Social Work—you may soon find her at McGill.

THEOLOGY GRADS, 1953



ALEX GAVREL, B.A.

Alex was born in China and spent most of his life there. Though Alex only took his final year at United, we as a class greatly benefitted by his coming. Alex is married and has two children. During the year he carried on the work of the church at Ninga. During his short stay here we have appreciated his friendship, his experience and his humility.

WILLIAM BARKWELL, B.A.

Bill is a typical product of the "Wheat Province." He is seeing that he has a properly trained wife to help in his work, as Joy is also enrolled in Theology. Bill is effervescent and is known as one of the most friendly members of the Third Year class. Bill served with the Air Force during the last war and now with a B.A. behind him and Joy beside him looks forward to a happy future in the ministry.

EDWARD BENNETT, B.A.

Ed is married and is the proud father of five wonderful children. Ed has a fine personality that should go a long way in making him a great minister. He not only possesses a warm heart but is also blessed with courage and good humour. Ed served for three years in the Royal Navy during the last war. To those whom he will serve in the future he brings the fine traditions that are associated with the Navy.

JAMES BRAY, B.A.

An ardent member of St. Paul's church, Jim has been active in their Boys' Work, Young People's and Sunday School. Jim was a member of Tuxis Parliament for two years and this year served as a discussion leader. Two summers on Mission fields built up his cycling prowess to endure a cycling trip of the British Isles and Paris last summer. He will bring to his work a character rich in integrity, dogged determination and a forgiving spirit of great magnitude.

WILLIAM DIXON, B.A.

We find in Bill the soul of an artist. Has a beautiful blonde wife. His voice has a richness that all of us envy, and anyone who has seen his work as an artist knows that Bill is a master in that field too. Bill has proven himself to be the humorist of the Third Year class. Having had experience both in the country and the city, Bill will be ready in the spring to step out into the big wide world.

TED FENSKE, B.A.

Originally Ted hails from Poland and after spending his growing years in Manitoba, he moved to Wisconsin to farm and to graduate from its university. He then returned to enter Theology and to become a candidate for the United Church ministry. Outside classes he spends his time in University Theatre; rehabilitating New Canadians; and in chuckling at theologs' weddings. He also spends much time keeping the wheels of Young Church going.

CATHERINE FROST, M.A.

Kay has shown herself to be a person of wide academic interest. She has already received an M.A. in Philosophy from the University of Alberta, and is a graduate of the United Church Training School in Toronto. She is one who is interested in persons and in helping them along their way. Her warm heart is shown in her work as deaconess at All People's United Church, Sutherland Ave.

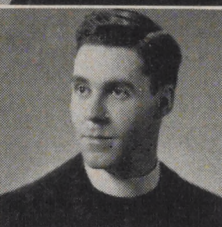
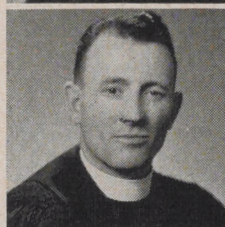
JOSEPH FRY, B.A.

Mr. High Priest of '53 and acknowledged leader of Theology. Joe has enlivened many classes this year with his debate. His determination is to be seen both in his studies and on the athletic field as the driving force behind the Theology baseball team. After being around the College for seven years, Joe felt he must set the boys some kind of example, so last fall he took the fatal matrimonial step. Joe is planning post-graduate work next year.



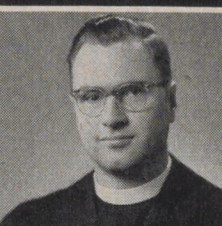
MARGARET HANLEY, B.A.

As a daughter of the manse, Marg has been exposed to the ministry most of her life. She came to United in '47 on a scholarship and has maintained a high academic standing. Active in the SCM, she has been a prominent student leader, representing the movement in 1951 in Kalamazoo, Mich., and at Kansas, Miss. During her student days she served the church at Emo, Ont.; Roland and Ononole, Man.; and at McLean and Point Douglas churches in Winnipeg.



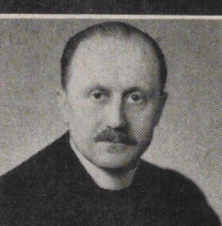
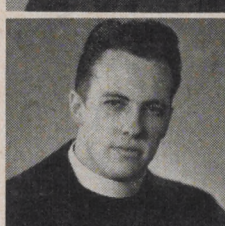
BUD HARPER, B.A.

This year Bud proved himself to be a Casanova of repute and at Christmas became engaged. Bud has been very active in extracurricular activities during his six years at United. His boundless energy carries him into drama, light opera, Young People's and SCM as well as week-end church work, but his marks have been at the top of the class. When Bud is ordained this June, the Church will be receiving a most capable person into its ranks.



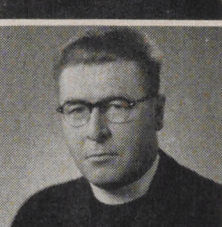
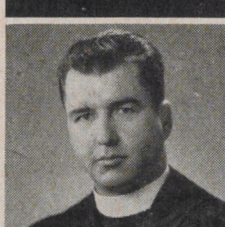
MURRAY LAKE, B.A.

Murray put aside his Army uniform and his sergeant's stripes to enter Arts from which he graduated in 1950. In Theology, scholarships came his way. He has served well both Bird's Hill and Point Douglas churches, and while working at the First Welsh Church even learned to hum in their language. His specialty is psychology, but he will also play cricket at any time of any day. He is known also as the man with the lovely wife.



LESLIE POKOLY, Ph.D.

Leslie has the unique position of being the only Ph.D. in our class. He was born and educated in Hungary. He studied for several years at Basil under Barth and Kuhlmann. Then came Canada, and the call to serve the Hungarian Protestant Church here in Winnipeg. To master the English language is the hope that lies within him — but while he is trying to fulfil that hope we find his fellowship an inspiration and a privilege.



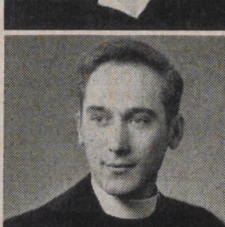
HERBERT SMITH

Herb came into Theology from Indian Work. In our class he is noted for keeping the issue down to the practical level. Every week for the past three years he has made the long trip to Eden, to conduct the services and to see his capable wife who has carried on the work of the church while Herb was studying at College. Herb is planning to stay at Eden upon graduation.



WILFRED WADDELL

Twenty-nine years old, Wilf is looking forward to batching in a ten-room house. There is no doubt about his ability to survive in this manner, as he is an excellent cook, and can even make gravy without lumps. Perhaps his two greatest assets as a preacher are his curly hair and his resonant voice. If Wilf can only find himself a wife suitable for the parsonage his future in the ministry is assured. Wilf is planning to spend the first years of his ministry at a mission in Korea.



A. M. WATTS, B.A.

A. M. Watts is surely a misnomer for "Mac," for he is seldom seen in the morning. Mac is a product of the town of Cartwright, where his father is not only the postmaster but also a jeweller. Having spent some time as a student minister both at Franklin and Ochre River, he plans, with his wife, to take a "bon voyage" to do some postgraduate studies next year.

GRADUATES ASSOCIATION

FIRST, we would like to take this opportunity to offer our congratulations to all of this year's graduating class and also to extend our greeting to the graduates of years gone by.

The Executive Council of the United College Graduates Association for 1952-53 was elected at the annual dinner and meeting held in Young United Church last April 17, 1952. The officers are as follows: Honorary Presidents: Principal W. C. Graham, Dr. J. H. Riddell, Mrs. C. W. Gordon '96, Dr. E. Githrie Perry '93. President: Margaret J. Thomson '32. Vice-President: Clifford J. Robson '39. Past President: Gordon M. Churchill '21. Sec't.-Treas.: A. D. Longman '24. Elected members: Mrs. W. R. Brownlee '45, Roy F. Wilson '46, Marianne G. Shackell '50, Elizabeth F. Morrison '36, Lorne J. C. Elliott '37. Board Representative: Roderick C. A. Hunter '37. Faculty Representative: C. N. Halstead '20. Senior Stick: Donald C. Denison '53. Lady Stick: Joan Christie '53.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Congratulations to the editors of "Vox" for their enterprise in including an Alumni Section in this issue. Certainly every measure that will bring closer liaison between undergraduates and alumni is worthy of strong encouragement, since both groups have at least one basic objective—the welfare of United College. As president of United College Graduates Association, I am grateful for such an excellent opportunity to contact our widely-scattered members and to extend greetings. Speaking of liaison, many of you may not be aware that both the Senior Stick and Lady Stick of United, Don Denison and Joan Christie, have been most helpful members of our Graduates Executive, which has held four meetings since September.

Most of you probably know, by now, however, that thanks to the generosity of the Board of Regents, our Association now boasts a full-time secretary, Mrs. Murdina Brownlee, whose office is in Room 215, Sparling Hall. Mrs. Brownlee is working industriously at bringing mailing lists and class lists of United College Graduates and former students up to date. Please let her

know of any change of address so that we may keep up our contacts with our members—particularly through the "Graduates' Quarterly." Please notify us if you did not receive the January issue of this publication.

Now a reminder of events to come. Your executive hopes to see a large representation of Association members and Fourth Year students at the Annual Dinner, to be held on Thursday, April 9, at 6 p.m. in Young Church.

Once again, an appreciative "thank you" to the editors for giving us a spot in "Vox."

MARGARET J. THOMPSON.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In a recent edition of the United College Graduates' Quarterly a letter was published which was of interest to both graduates and present students. It was a letter written by a friend of Logie Butchart in whose honor the Logie Butchart Bursaries are presented. The letter fondly and proudly traced the life of Logie right up until the time he was "Killed in Action" in 1917. The life of Logie was like that of any normal, healthy, upstanding and fine Canadian boy except that somehow he was endowed with fine moral instincts which raised him above others. As the letter said, "Logie was clean, honest and decent in word, thought and action." Into Logie's short life was crammed all the activity, work and enjoyment of a much longer lifetime. For he was killed before his 20th birthday. It is people, real people, like Logie Butchart, who are the examples that we, the undergraduates and graduates of United College, are to follow. We of the present are likely to forget what the memorial scholarships really stand for. Behind each of United's memorial scholarships is a story like that of Logie Butchart.

HERE AND THERE

What our graduates are doing:

Margaret J. Thomson '32, Alumni president, received her M.A. from the University of Chicago in December.

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Golden Jubilee. Fred McGuiness '47 has been appointed executive director of the Saskatchewan Golden Jubilee Committee.

Rev. Tom Saunders '35 has been elected President of the St. Andrew's Society, and will head local Scots in 1953.

In December, Ed Maguire '46 and his wife (Alison Gemmil, Home Ec. grad.) left for Afghanistan where Ed will teach English in the capital city, Kabul.

Rev. Maurice R. McLuhan, Theology '44, has been elected President of the Manitoba Temperance Alliance.

Percy V. Ibbetson '19 has been elected sovereign of the Independent Order of Oddfellows. He is the fifth Canadian to be installed as chief since the order was introduced from England in 1819.

Jim Willer '52 spent last summer sketching in the scenic Rockies.

The University Glee Club production "Brigadoon," had several United College grads and undergrads in its cast. Among them were Margaret H. Smart '52, Gordon H. Parker '52, Ian McMillan '52, and R. S. (Bud) Harper '50.

Dr. John E. Robbins '27, Director of the Educational Division, Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa, was granted a leave of absence to become Director of the Educational Division of the U.N. Relief and Work Agency for Palestine Refugees.

Rev. Wm. G. Onions '33, for six years pastor of Hamiota United Church, was inducted into the pastorate of Chalmers Church, Verdun, Quebec, while Lieut-Col. James P. Browne '32 and Rev. Robert J. Leighton '36 assisted in the service.

David A. Bowles '38 was elected President of the Kinsmen's Club of Winnipeg.

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The Manitoba Teachers' Society, at its 33rd annual convention last April elected D. Hector Stewart '38 as President for the ensuing year.

Grace Dolmage '38, on leave of absence from Winnipeg School Board's Child Guidance Clinic has joined the Faculty of Education at Fort Garry with the rank of assistant professor.

Bill Norrie, a former Senior Stick and now a law student at the University of Manitoba, is the Rhodes Scholar for 1953. He will register at Queen's College, Oxford, where he will study for his B.A. degree in Jurisprudence.

Doris Hunt '29 was a guest speaker at a recent meeting of the United College French Club.

Harry Sparling '50, is manager of a Hudson Bay Company Post at Cambridge Bay in the

Northwest Territories. The post is 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle. Harry will return to Winnipeg in September and resume his duties in the Personnel Dept. of the Hudson Bay Co. store here.

A number of marriages have taken place in the College Chapel this year:

Joe Fry, Arts '50 and Cathie McElheran '52 were married last October 23.

Jim Barkwell '50 and Joy Hamilton '52 were married last October 16.

Campbell Miller, Law '52 and Dorothy Rossell, A.M.M. '50 and Arts '52 were married last September 20. They have gone to Vienna where Cam is coaching the Vienna Hockey Team and Dorothy plans to continue her music studies.



Photo by Kaan

"Summer Afternoon," by Annora Brown, O.A.C.A., A.S.A., was presented to United College at the Annual Alumni Dinner on April 9, 1953, as a memorial to the late Gerald Riddell, Canada's Permanent Delegate to United Nations. Specially commissioned for the purpose, this picture is painted broadly in a style that is appropriate to the scale of the room in which it will hang—the new library.



UNITED COLLEGE SENIOR STICK REUNION show seated left to right: J. D. Murray, '25; Conrad Wyrzykowski, President, University of Manitoba Students' Union; Prof. Fletcher Argue, '11; Dr. W. C. Graham, Principal, United College; Don Denison, '53; Dr. Hugh A. McLeod, Honorary President, United College Student Council; Dr. A. R. Cragg, '17; Dick Bocking, President-elect, U.M.S.U. Standing, left to right: Jack Shaver, '40; Rod Hunter, '37; Bill Norrie, '50; Dale Gibson, '54; Gerald Bedford, '46; Lloyd Borland, '27; H. D. Clement, '24; Philip Stark, '33; Coulton Liddle, '33; Maurice Willis, '29; Harry S. Crowe, '42; Royden F. Lee, '47; Ian McMillan, '52.

FIFTEEN EX-STICKS FROM UNITED MEET

FIFTEEN previous United College senior sticks, including the 1911 stick, gathered in Winnipeg Friday, February 20, for a reunion planned by present stick Don Denison.

The 1929 stick, Maurice J. Willis, came from Regina for the event. Many of those present have become engaged in education circles.

Special guests for the occasion were Dr. W. C. Graham, principal of the college, Dr. Hugh A. McLeod, honorary president of the student council, Dr. A. R. Cragg, elected stick in 1917, but forced to resign because of ill health. Conrad Wyrzykowski and UMSU president-elect, Dick Bocking, were also present.

Professor R. Fletcher Argue, senior stick of 1911, was a speaker. He said he preferred to think of the stick as a "stock," of which all the incumbents were as branches — to it they were closely attached and through it they felt a kinship one with the other.

Dr. McLeod called attention to the important

position United College has held in the training of Western Canadian youth for public service. Dr. Graham spoke of the importance of student government and of the important functions of the senior stick. He expressed the thanks of all present to the host for his invitation to attend the gathering.

Guest artists for the evening were Messrs. Alex and Peter Pan, two musically talented college students from Hong Kong, and Mr. Gordon Parker who recently took the male lead in "Brigadoon."

Sticks and ex-sticks present were: R. Fletcher Argue, 1911; H. D. Clement, 1924; Jack Murray, 1925; Lloyd Borland, 1927; Maurice J. Willis, 1929; Philip J. Stark, 1933; T. C. Liddle, 1934; Rod Hunter, 1937; John V. Shaver, 1940; Harry S. Crowe, 1942; A. Gerald Bedford, 1946; Royden F. Lee, 1947; Bill Norrie, 1950; Ian McMillan, 1952; Don Denison, 1953 and Dale Gibson, stick-elect.

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